CUTTER

Frances OF Upshere

Coleman-Street.

A

COMEDY.

As it is to be acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

By Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

DUBLIN:

Printed by JAMES ESDALL, at the Corner of *Copper-Alley*, on *Cork-Hill*, M,DCC,XLIX.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

COLONEL JOLLY, a Gentleman whoſe Eſtate was confiſcated in the late Troubles.	*Mr.* I. SPARKS.
CUTTER, a merry, ſharking Fellow about the Town, pretending to have been a Colonel in the King's Army.	*Mr.* MACKLIN.
WORM, his Companion, and ſuch another Fellow, pretending to have been a Captain.	*Mr.* BARRINGTON.
Mr. PUNY, a young, rich, briſk Fop, pretending to extraordinary Wit, Suiter to Mrs. *Lucia*.	*Mr.* DYER.
Mr. TRUMAN, Senior, an old, teſty, covetous Gentleman.	*Mr.* MORRIS.
Mr. TRUMAN, Junior, his Son, in Love with Mrs. *Lucia*.	*Mr.* ROSS.
Mr. SOAKER, a little fuddling Deacon.	
Several Servants.	

WOMEN.

Mrs. AURELIA, Daughter to Colonel *Jolly*.	*Mrs.* BLAND.
Mrs. LUCIA, Neice to Colonel *Jolly*, left to his Tuition.	
Mrs. BAREBOTTLE, a Soap boiler's Widow, who had bought *Jolly*'s Eſtate, a pretended Saint.	*Mrs.* MACKLIN.
Mrs. TABITHA, Daughter to Mrs. *Barebottle*.	*Miſs.* MINOT.
Mrs. JANE, Mrs. *Lucia*'s Maid, a little laughing Fop.	*Miſs* ORFEUR.

The SCENE LONDON, in the Year 1658

BODL. LIBR.
8-MAR 1916
OXFORD

PROLOGUE.

As when the Midland Sea is no where clear
From dreadful Fleets of Tunis *and* Argier,
Which coaſt about, to all they meet with Foes,
And upon which nought can be got but Blows,
The Merchant-ſhips ſo much their Paſſage doubt,
That, tho' full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And Trade decays, and Scarcity enſues:
Juſt ſo the timo'rous Wits of late refuſe,
Tho' laded, to put forth upon the Stage,
Affrighted by the Criticks of this Age.
It is a Party num'rous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which ſails in ſight, with-hold.
Nor do their cheap, tho' mortal, Thunder ſpare;
They ſhoot, alas, with Wind-Guns, charg'd with Air.
But yet, Gentlemen Criticks of Argier,
For your own Int'reſt I'd adviſe ye here,
To let this little forlorn Hope go by,
Safe and untouch'd. That muſt not be (you'll cry.)
If ye be wiſe, it muſt; I'll tell ye why.
There are 7, 8, 9,——ſtay——there are behind
Ten Plays at leaſt, which wait but for a Wind,
And the glad News that we the Enemy miſs;
And thoſe are all your own, if you ſpare this.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite New,
Some by known Shipwrights built, and others too
By that great Author made, who-e'er he be,
That ſtiles himſelf Perſon of Quality.
All theſe, if we miſ-carry here To-Day.
Will rather 'till they rot in th' Harbour ſtay.
Nay, they will back again, tho' they were come
Ev'n to their laſt ſafe Road, the Tyring-room.
Therefore again I ſay, if you be wiſe,
Let this for once paſs free, let it ſuffice

That

PROLOGUE.

That we, your Sov'reign Pow'r here to avow,
Thus humbly e'er we paſs, ſtrike Sail to you.

Added at Court.

STAY, Gentlemen; what I have ſaid, was all
But forc'd Submiſſion, which I now recall.
Ye're all but Pirates now again; for here
Does the true Sov'reign of the Seas appear,
The Sov'reign of theſe narrow Seas of Wit;
'Tis his own Thames; *he knows and governs it,*
'Tis his Dominion, and Domain; as he
Pleaſes, 'tis either Shut to us, or Free.
Not only if his Paſs-port we obtain,
We fear no little Rovers of the Main:
But if our Neptune *his calm Viſage ſhow,*
No Wave ſhall dare to Riſe, or Wind to Blow.

CUTTER

OF

Coleman-Street.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Truman *Junior, ſolus.*

HOW hard, alas, is that young Lover's Fate,
Who has a Father covetous and cholerick!
What has he made me ſwear?——
I dare not think upon the Oath, leſt I ſhould keep it—
Never to ſee my Miſtreſs more, or hear her ſpeak
Without his Leave; and farewel then the Uſe of Eyes and Ears:———
And all this Wickedneſs I ſubmitted to,
For fear of being diſinherited;
For fear of loſing Dirt and Droſs, I loſe
My Miſtreſs —— There's a Lover! Fitter much
For Hell, than thouſand Perjuries could make him.
Fit to be made th' Example which all Women
Should reproach Men with, when themſelves grow falſe;
Yet ſhe, the good and charitable *Lucia*,
With ſuch a Bounty as hath only been
Practic'd by Heav'n, and Kings inſpir'd from thence,
Forgives ſtill, and ſtill loves her perjur'd Rebel.
I'll to my Father ſtrait, and ſwear to him
Ten thouſand Oaths, ne'er to obſerve that wicked one
Which he has extorted from me——Here he comes;
And my weak Heart, already us'd to Falſhood,
Begins to waver.

A SCENE

SCENE II.

Truman *Senior*, *and* Truman *Junior*.

Trum. ſen. Well, *Dick*, you know what you ſwore to me yeſterday, and ſolemnly.

I ha' been conſidering, and conſidering all Night, *Dick*, for your good; and methinks, ſuppoſing I were a young Man again, and the Caſe my own (for I love to be juſt in all things) methinks 'tis hard for a young Man, I ſay, who has been a Lover, ſo long as you ha' been, to break off on a ſudden. Am I in the right or no, *Dick?* Do you mark me?

Trum. jun. Hard, Sir! 'tis harder much than any Death prolong'd by Tortures.

Trum. ſen. Why ſo I thought; and therefore out o' my Care for your Eaſe, I have hit upon an Expedient, that I think will ſalve the matter!

Trum. jun. And I will thank you for it more, Sir, than for the Life you gave me.

Trum. ſen. Why! well ſaid, *Dick*, and I am glad with all my Heart I thought upon't; in brief, 'tis this, *Dick*;

I ha' found out another Miſtreſs for you.

Trum. jun. Another? Heav'n forbid, Sir!

Trum. ſen. Ay; another, Good-man Jack Sawce; marry come up; wo'nt one of my chuſing ſerve your turn, as well as one of your own? ſure I am the older Man, Jack Sawce, and ſhould be the wiſer!

Trum. jun. But Nature, Sir, that's wiſer than all Mankind,
Is Miſtreſs in the Choice of our Affections.

Affections are not rais'd from outward Reaſons, but inward Sympathies.

Trum. ſen. Very well, *Dick*, if you be a dutiful Son to me, you ſhall have a good Eſtate, and ſo has ſhe; There's Sympathy for you now; but I perceive you're hank'ring ſtill after Mrs. *Lucy*

Do ſo! forſwear your ſelf; do, damn your ſelf, and be a Beggar too; ſure, I would never undo my ſelf by Perjury; if I had a mind to go to Hell, *Cromwell* ſhould make me a Lord for't! ay, and one of his Council too; I'd never be damn'd for nothing, for a Whim-wham

wham in a Coif. But to be ſhort, the Perſon I deſign for you is Mrs. *Tabitha Barebottle*, our Neighbour, the Widow's Daughter. What do you ſtart at, Sirrah? Ay, Sirrah, Jack an-apes, if you ſtart when your Father ſpeaks to you.

Trum. jun. You did not think her Father once, I'm ſure, a fit Perſon for your Alliance, when he plunder'd your Houſe in *Hartfordſhire*, and took away the very Hop-poles, pretending they were Arms too.

Trum. ſen. He was a very Rogue, that's the Truth on't, as to the Buſineſs between Man and Man; but as to God-ward he was always counted an upright Man, and very devout. But that's all one, I'm ſure he'as rais'd a fine Eſtate out of Nothing, by his Induſtry in theſe Times: An' I had not been a Beaſt too——but Heav'ns Will be done, I could not ha' don't with a good Conſcience. Well, *Dick*, I'll go talk with her Mother about this Matter, and examine fully what her Eſtate is, for unleſs it prove a good one, I'll tell you true, *Dick*, I'm o' your Opinion, not to marry ſuch a Rogue's Daughter.

Trum. jun. I beſeech you, Sir——[*Exit.* Trum *ſen.*

It is in vain to ſpeak to him——
Tho' I, to ſave this Dunghill, an Eſtate,
Have done a Crime like theirs,
Who have abjur'd their King for the ſame Cauſe;
I will not yet, like them, purſue the Guilt,
And in thy Place *Lucia*, my lawful Sov'reign,
Set up a low and ſcandalous Uſurper!

Enter Servant.

Ser. 'Tis well the old Man's juſt gone. There's a Gentlewoman without, Sir, deſires to ſpeak one Word with you.

Trum. jun. With me? Who is't?

Ser. It ſhould be Mrs. *Lucia* by her Voice, Sir, but ſhe's veil'd all over.
Will you pleaſe to ſee her, Sir?

Trum. jun. Will I ſee her? Blockhead!
Yes, go and kneel to her,
And pray her to come in. [*Exit.* Serv.

SCENE III.

Enter Lucia *veil'd.*

Trum. jun. This is a Favour, Madam!
That I as little hop'd, as I am able.
To thank you for it——But why all this muffling?
Why a Diſguiſe, Deareſt, between us?
Unleſs to encreaſe my Deſire firſt, and then my Joy to ſee thee,
Thou caſt this ſubtle Night before thy Beauty.
And now like one ſcorch'd with ſome raging Fever,
Upon whoſe Flames no Dew of Sleep has fall'n,
I do begin to quarrel with the Darkneſs,
And blame the ſlothful Riſing of the Morn;
And with more Joy ſhall welcome it, than they
Whoſe icy Dwellings the cold Bear o'erlooks,
When after half the Year's Winter and Night,
Day and the Spring at once ſalutes their Sight!
Thus it appears, that like thy matchleſs Beauty,
[*Offers to pull off the Veil.*
When this black Cloud is vaniſh'd.
Why d'ye ſhrink back, my deareſt?
I pr'ythee let me look a little upon thee:
'Tis all the Pleaſure Love has yet allow'd me,
And more than Nature does in all things elſe.
At leaſt ſpeak to me; well may I call it Night,
When Silence too thus joins it ſelf with Darkneſs.
Ha! I had quite forgot the curſed Oath I made——
Piſh! What's an Oath forc'd from a Lover's Tongue?
'Tis not recorded in Heav'n's dreadful Book,
But ſcatter'd looſely by the Breath that made it:
Away with it; to make it was but a Raſhneſs,
To keep it were a Sin——Dear Madam——
Ha! let's ſee this then firſt!

[*Offers again, but ſhe refuſes, and gives him a Note.*

He reads.] *You know I have forgiven your unkind Oath to your Father, and ſhall never ſuffer you to be perjur'd. I come only to let you know the* Phyſician *and the* 'Pothecary *will do this Morning what we propos'd; be ready at hand, if there ſhould be occaſion for your Preſence: I dare not ſtay one Minute.* Farewel.

Now

Now thouſand Angels wait upon it, *Lucia*,
And thouſand Bleſſings upon all thou doſt.
Let me but kiſs your Hand, and I'll diſmiſs you
Ah cruel Father, when thou mad'ſt the Oath,
Thou little thought'ſt that thou hadſt left
Such Bleſſings for me out of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Col. Jolly, *in an* Indian *Gown, and Night-Cap with* Will *his Man.*

Joll. Give me the Pills; and what ſaid the Doctor, *Will?*

Will. He ſaid a great deal, Sir, but I was not Doctor enough to underſtand half of it.

Joll. A Man may drink, he ſays, for all theſe Baubles?

Will. He's ill adviſ'd if he give your Worſhip drinking Pills, for when you were drinking laſt together, a Fit took you to beat the Doctor, which your Worſhip told him was a new Diſeaſe.

Joll. He was drunk then himſelf firſt, and ſpoke falſe *Latin*, which becomes a Doctor worſe than a beating. He does not remember that, I hope, now.

Will. I think he does, Sir, for he ſays the Pills are to purge black Choler!

Joll. Ay, Melancholy; I ſhall ha' need of them then, for my old Purger of Melancholy, Canary, will grow too dear for me ſhortly; my own Eſtate was ſold for being with the King at *Oxford*. A Curſe upon an old Dunce that needs muſt be going to *Oxford* at my Years! My good Neighbour, I thank him. Colonel *Fear-the-Lord Barebottle*, a Saint and a Soap boiler bought it; but he's dead, and boiling now himſelf, that's the beſt of't; there's a Cavalier's Comfort! If his damnable Wife now would marry me, it would return again, as I hope all things will at laſt; and even that too were as hard a Compoſition for one's own as ever was made at *Haberdaſhers Hall*; but hang her, ſhe'll ha' none o' me, unleſs I were True Rich and Counterfeit Godly; let her go to her Husband; (ſo much for that —[*Takes a Pill*] It does not go down ſo glib as an Egg in Muſkadine) Now when my Neice's Portion too goes out o' my

Hands, which I can keep but 'till a handſome Wench of eighteen pleaſes to marry (a pitiful ſlender Tenure, that's the Truth on't) I ha' nothing to do but to live by Plots for the King, or at leaſt to be hang'd by 'em. (So go thou too) [*Takes the two other Pills.*] Well, ſomething muſt be done, unleſs a Man could get Gems by drinking, or, like a Mouſe in a Cheeſe, make himſelf a Houſe by eating.

Will. Did you ſend for Colonel *Cutter* and Captain *Worm*, to come and keep me Company this Morning that I take Phyſick? They'll be loth to come to-Day, there's ſo little hope o' drinking here.

Will. They ſaid they would be here, Sir, before this time.

Some Morning's Draught, I believe, has intercepted 'em.

Joll. I could repent now heartily, but that 'twould look as if I were compell'd to it; and beſides, if it ſhould draw me to Amendment, 'twould undo me now, 'till I ha' gotten ſomething. 'Tis a hard caſe to wrong my pretty Neice; but unleſs I get this wicked Widow, I and my Daughter muſt ſtarve elſe; and that's harder yet: Neceſſity is, as I take it, Frailty, and that will excuſe all Things. O! Here they are!

SCENE V.

Col. Jolly, *Col.* Cutter, *Capt.* Worm.

Joll. Welcome! Men o' War, what News abroad in Town?

Cut. Brave News i'faith, it arrived but Yeſterday by an *Iriſh* Prieſt, that came over in the Habit of a Fiſhwife, a cunning Fellow, and a Man o' Buſineſs, he's to lye Lieger here for a whole *Iriſh* College beyond Sea, and do all their Affairs of State. The Captain ſpoke with him laſt Night at the *Blue-Anchor!*

Joll Well, and what is't?

Worm. Why, Buſineſs is afloat again; the King has muſter'd five and twenty thouſand Men in *Flanders*, as tall Fellows as any are in *Chriſtendom*.

Joll A Pox upon you for a Couple of groſs Cheats! I wonder from what Fools in what blind Corners you get a Dinner for this Stuff.

Cut.

Cut, Nay, there's another News that's ſtranger yet, but that let the Captain anſwer

Worm. I confeſs I ſhould ha' thought it very ridiculous, but that I ſaw it from a good Hand beyond Sea, under Black and White, and all in Cypher.

Joll. O it can't miſs then; what may it be, pray?

Wor. Why, that the Emperor of *Muſcovy* has promis'd to land ten thouſand Bears in *England* to over-run the Country.

Joll. Oh! that's in revenge of the late barbarous Murder of their Brethren here I warrant you.

Cut. Why, Colonel, Things will come about again! We ſhall have another Bout for't!

Joll. Why all this to a Friend that knows you? Where were thy former Bouts, I pr'ythee, *Cutter?* Where didſt thou ever ſerve the King, and when?

Cut. Why every where; and the laſt time at *Worceſter.* If I never ſerv'd him ſince, the Fault's not mine; an' there had been any Action——

Joll. At *Worceſter*, *Cutter?* Pr'ythee how got'ſt thou thither?

Cut. Why, as you and all other Gentlemen ſhould ha' done; I carry'd him in a Troop of Reformado Officers; moſt of them had been under my Command before!

Joll. I'll be ſworn they were Reformado Tapſters then; but how got'ſt thou off?

Cut. Why, as the King himſelf, and all the reſt of the great ones; in a Diſguiſe, if you'll needs know't.

Wor. He's very cautious, Colonel, he 'as kept it ever ſince.

Joll. That's too long i'faith, *Cutter*, pr'ythee take one Diſguiſe now more at laſt, and put thy ſelf into the Habit of a Gentleman.

Cut. I'll anſwer no more Pr'ythees; Is this the Morning's-Draught you ſent for me too?

Joll. No, I ha' better News for ye both, than ever ye had from a good *Iriſh* Hand; the Truth is I have a Plot for you, which if it take, ye ſhall no more make monſtrous Tales from *Bruges* to revive your ſinking Credits in loyal Ale-houſes, nor inveigle into Taverns young Foremen of the Shop, or little beardleſs Blades of the

the Inns of Court, to drink to the Royal Family Parabolically, and with bouncing Oaths, like Cannon at every Health; nor upon unlucky failing Afternoons take melancholy Turns in the *Temple* Walks, and when you meet Acquaintance, cry, You wonder why your Lawyer ſtays ſo long, with a Pox to him.

Wor. This Phyſick has ſtirr'd ill Humours in the Colonel, would they were once well purg'd, and we a drinking again lovingly together as we were wont to do.

Joll. Nor make heedleſs Quarrels about the reckoning Time, and leave the Houſe in Confuſion; nor when you go to Bed produce ten ſeveral Snuffs to make up one poor Pipe o' Tobacco!

Cut. Would I had one here now; I han't had my Morning Smoak yet, by this Day?

Joll. Nor change your Names and Lodgings as often as a Whore; for as yet if ye liv'd like *Tartars* in a Cart (as I fear ye muſt die in one) your home could not be more uncertain. To Day at *Wapping*, and To-Morrow you appear again at *Mill-bank* (like a Duck that dives at this End of the Pond, and riſes unexpectedly at the other) I do not think *Pythagoras* his Soul e'er chang'd ſo many Dwellings as you ha' done within theſe two Years.

Cut. Why, what then, Colonel? Soldiers muſt remove their Tents ſometimes; *Alexander the Great* did it a thouſand Times.

Wor. Nine hundred, *Cutter*, you're but a Dunce in Story;
But what's all this to th' Matter, Noble Colonel?
You run a Wool-gathering like a zealous Teacher;
Where's the Uſe of Conſolation that you promis'd us?

Joll. Why thou ſhalt have it, little *Worm*, for theſe damn'd Pills begin to make me horrible ſick, and are not like to allow of long Digreſſions; Thus briefly then, as befits a Man in my Caſe!

When my Brother the Merchant went into *Africk*, to follow his great Trade there——

Wor. How o' Devil could he follow it? why he had quite loſt his Memory; I knew him when he was fain to carry his own Name in Writing about him, for fear leſt he ſhould forget it.

Joll.

Joll. Oh his Man *John*, you know did all, yet ſtill he would go about with old *John*, and thought if he did go, he did his Buſineſs himſelf; well, when he went he left his Daughter with a Portion o' five thouſand Pounds to my Tuition, and if ſhe marry'd without my Conſent, ſhe was to have but a thouſand of it. When he was gone two Years, he dy'd———

Wor. He did a little forget himſelf methinks, when he left the Eſtate in your Hands, Colonel.

Joll. Hold your Tongue, Capt. Coxcomb; now the Caſe is this; ye ſhall give me a thouſand Pounds for my Intereſt and Favour in this Buſineſs, ſettle the reſt upon her and her Children, or me and mine, if ſhe ha' none (d'ye mark me? For I will not have one Penny of the Principle paſs through ſuch glewy Fingers) upon theſe Terms I'll marry her to one of you; always provided tho' that he whom ſhe ſhall chuſe (for ſhe ſhall have as fair a Choice as can be between two ſuch Fellows) ſhall give me good Aſſurances of living afterwards like a Gentleman, as befits her Husband, and caſt off the t'other's Company.

Cut. The Conditions may be admitted of, tho' if I have her, ſhe'll ha' no ill Bargain on't when the King comes home; but how, Colonel, if ſhe ſhould prove a fooliſh fantaſtical Wench, and refuſe to marry either of us?

Joll. Why! then ſhe ſhall never ha' my Conſent to marry any body; and ſhe'll be hang'd, I think, firſt in the Friar's Robe, e'er ſhe turn Nun.

Wor. I'll be a *Carthuſian* an' ſhe do.

Joll. If't were not for Chaſtity and Obedience, thou might'ſt be ſo; their t'other Vow of never carrying any Money about them, thou haſt kept from thy Youth upwards.

Wor. I'll have her, I'm the better Scholar; and we're both equal Soldiers, I'm ſure.

Cut. Thou, Captain *Bobadil!* What with that Ember-week Face o' thine? that Razor o' thy Noſe? thou look'ſt as if thou hadſt never been fed ſince thou ſuck'dſt thy Mother's Milk. Thy Cheeks begin to fall into thy Mouth, that thou might'ſt eat them. Why thou very Lath, with a thing cut like a Face at top, and a Slit at bottom.

bottom. I am a Man ha' ſerv'd my King and Country, a Perſon of Honour, Dogbolt, and a Colonel.

Wor. Yes, as Prieſts are made now-a days, a Colonel made by thine own ſelf. I muſt confeſs thus much o' thy good Parts, thour't beholden to no body but thy ſelf for what thou art. Thou a Soldier? Did not I ſee thee once in a Quarrel at Nine pins behind *Sodom*-Lane diſarm'd with one o' the Pins? Alas, good *Cutter!* There's difference, as I take it, betwixt the clattering o' Swords and Quart-pots, the Effuſion of Blood and Claret-Wine——

Cut. (What a bragging little Cur's this?)

Wor. The Smoak of Guns and Tobacco——nor can you, *Cutter*, fight the better, becauſe you ha' beat an old Bawd or a Drawer; beſides, what Parts haſt thou? Haſt thou Scholarſhip enough to make a Brewer's Clerk? Canſt thou read the Bible? I'm ſure thou haſt not; canſt thou write more than thine own Name, and than in ſuch vile Characters, that moſt Men take 'em for *Arabian* Pot-hooks! Doſt thou not live, *Cutter*, in the *Chymærian* Darkneſs of Ignorance?

Joll. Cymmerian, Captain, let it by *Cymmerian!*

Wor. Ay; I know ſome will have it ſo; but by this Light I always call't *Chymærian!*

Cut. O brave Scholar! Has the Colonel caught you in falſe *Latin*, you Dunce you? You'd e'en as good ſtick to your Captainſhip; and that you may thank me for, you ingrateful Pimp you, was not I the firſt that ever call'd you ſo; and ſaid you had ſerv'd ſtoutly in my Regiment at *Newbury!*

Joll. Thy Regiment?——Well! Leave your quarrelling, Baboons, and try your Fortunes fairly? I begin to be very ſick, I'll leave you, and ſend in my Neice to entertain you: Upon my Life, if you quarrel any more, as great Soldiers as you are, I'll ha' you caſhier'd for ever out o' this Garriſon o' mine, look to't.

[*Exit Col.* Jolly.

Wor. Come, *Cutter*, we'd e'en better play fair Play with one another, then loſe all to a third. Let's draw Cuts who ſhall accoſt her firſt when ſhe comes in, and the t'other void the Room for a little while.

Cut.

Cut. Agreed! You may thank the Colonel for coming off ſo eaſily; you know well enough I dare not offend him at ſuch a time as this!

Wor. The longeſt firſt——— [*Draws Lots.*

Cut. Mine! Od's my Life! here ſhe is already!

SCENE VI.

Enter Lucia, *to* Cutter, *and* Worm,

Luc. Not chuſe amiſs? Indeed I muſt do, Uncle. [*To her ſelf at her Entrance.*

If I ſhould chuſe again; eſpecially
If I ſhould do't out of your Drinking Company.
Tho' I have ſeen theſe Fellows here, I think,
A hundred times, yet I ſo much deſpiſe 'em,
I never aſk'd their Names: But I muſt ſpeak to 'em now:
My Uncle, Gentlemen, will wait upon you preſently again, and ſent me hither to deſire your Patience.

Cut. Patience, Madam, will be no Virtue requiſite for us, whilſt you are pleas'd to ſtay here:——Ha, ha, *Cutter!* that lit pretty pat 'faith for a beginning. [Worm *goes out.*

Luc. Is your Friend going, Sir?

Cut. Friend, Madam?——(I hope I ſhall be even with him preſently) he's a merry Fellow that your Uncle and I divert ourſelves withal.

Luc. What is he, pray, Sir?

Cut. That's ſomething difficult to tell you, Madam; But he has been all things. He was a Scholar once, and ſince a Merchant, but broke the firſt half Year; after that he ſerv'd a Juſtice o' Peace, and from thence turn'd a kind o' Sollicitor at *Goldſmiths-Hall*, he 'as a pretty Smattering too in Poetry, and would ha' been my Lady Protectreſs's Poet; he writ once a Copy in Praiſe of her Beauty, but her Highneſs gave him for it but an old Half-crown Piece in Gold, which ſhe had hoarded up before theſe Troubles, and that diſcourag'd him from any further Applications to the Court Since that, he 'as been a little Agitator of the Cavalier Party, and drew in one of the 'Prentices that were hang'd lately: He's a good ingenious Fellow, that's the Truth on't, and a pleaſant Droll when he 'as got a Cup o' Wine in his Pate, which your Uncle and I ſupply him with; but for

for Matters that concern the King, neither of us truſt him. Not that I can ſay he 'as betray'd any Body, but he's ſo indigent a Varlet, that I'm afraid he would ſell his Soul to *Oliver* for a Noble. But, Madam, what a Pox ſhould we talk any more o' that Mole catcher? Now I'm out again —— I am ſo us'd only to ranting Whores, that a modeſt Gentlewoman puts me to the Nonplus!

Luc. Why, my Uncle recommended him to me, Sir, as a Perſon of Quality, and one of the ſame Condition with your ſelf, only that you had been a Colonel o'Foot, and he a Captain of Horſe in his Majeſty's Service.

Cut. You know your Uncle's drolling Humour, Madam; he thought there was no Danger in the Raillery, and that you'd quickly find out who he was: Here he comes again,——[*Enter* Worm.]——I'll leave him with you, Madam, for a Minute, and wait upon you immediately, (I am at a Loſs, and muſt recover my ſelf.) Captain, I ha' dealt better by you than you deſerv'd, and given you a high Character to her; ſee you do me right too, if there be occaſion ——I'll make bold tho' to hearken whether you do or no.

[*Exit* Cutter, *and ſtands at the Door.*

Wor. Madam, my noble Friend your Uncle has been pleas'd to honour me ſo far with his good Opinion, as to allow me the Liberty to kiſs your Hands.

Luc. You're welcome, Sir; but pray, Sir, give me Leave.
Before you enter into farther Compliment,
To aſk one Queſtion of you.

Wor. I ſhall reſolve you, Madam, with that Truth
Which may, I hope, invite you to believe me
In what I'm to ſay afterwards.

Luc. 'Tis to tell me your Friend's Name, Sir, and his Quality, which, tho' I have ſeen him oft, I am yet ignorant of: I ſuppoſe him to be ſome honourable Perſon, who has eminently ſerv'd the King in the late Wars.

Cut. 'Tis a ſhrew'd diſcerning Wench, ſhe has hit me right already. [*At the Door.*

Wor. They call him Colonel *Cutter*, but to deal faithfully with you, Madam, he's no more a Colonel than you're a Major-General.

Cut.

Cut. Ha! ſure I miſtake the Rogue!

Wor. He never ſerv'd his King, not he, no more than he does his Maker: 'Tis true, h'as drunk his Health as often as any Man, upon other Mens Charges; and he was for a little while, I think, a kind of Hector, 'till he was ſoundly beaten one Day, and dragg'd about the Room, like old *Hector* o' *Troy* about the Town.

Cut. What does this Dog mean, trow?

Wor. Once indeed he was very low for almoſt a Twelve-month, and had neither Money enough to hire a Barber, nor buy Ciſſars, and then he wore a Beard (he ſaid) for King *Charles*; he's now in pretty good Cloaths, but would you ſaw the Furniture of his Chamber! Marry, half a Chair, an earthen Chamber-pot without an Ear, and the Bottom of an Ink-horn for a Candle-ſtick; the reſt is broken foul Tobacco pipes, and a Dozen o' Gally pots with Salve in 'em.

Cut. Was there ever ſuch a curſed Villain!

Wor. H'as been a known Cheat about the Town theſe twenty Years.

Luc. What does my Uncle mean to keep him Company, if he be ſuch a one?

Wor. Why he's infatuated, I think! I ha' warn'd him on't a thouſand times; he has ſome Wit, (to give the Devil his due) and that 'tis makes us endure him; but however I'd adviſe your Uncle to be a little more cautious how he talks before him o' State Matters, for he's ſhrewdly wrong'd if he ben't *Cromwell*'s Agent for all the Taverns between *King's-Street*, and the *Devil* at *Temple-Bar*, indeed he's a kind o' Reſident in 'em.

Cut. Fleſh and Blood can bear no longer—— *Worm*, you're a ſtinking, lying, perjur'd, damn'd Villain; and if I don't bring you, Madam, his Noſe and both his Ears, and lay 'em at your Feet here before Night, may the Pillory and the Pox take mine; 'till then ſuſpend your Judgment. [*Exit* Cutter.

Luc. Nay, you're both even; juſt ſuch an excellent Character did he beſtow on you;
Why, thou vile Wretch,
Go to the Stews, the Goal, and there make Love,
Thou'lt find none there, but ſuch as will ſcorn thee!

Wor. Why here's brave Work i'faith! I ha' carry'd it ſwimmingly, I'll e'en go ſteal away and drink a Dozen before I venture to think one Thought o' the Buſineſs.

Luc. Go curſed Race, which ſtick your loathſome Crimes
Upon the honourable Cauſe and Party;
And to the noble Loyal Sufferers,
A worſer Suffering add of Hate and Infamy.
Go to the Robbers and the Paracides,
And fix your Spots upon their painted Vizards,
Not on the Native Face of Innocence.
'Tis you retard that Induſtry by which
Our Country would recover from this Sickneſs;
Which, whilſt it fears th' Eruption of ſuch Ulcers,
Keeps a Diſeaſe tormenting it within,
But if kind Heav'n pleaſe to reſtore our Health,
When once the great Phyſician ſhall return,
He quickly will, I hope, reſtore our Beauty. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Aurelia.

I See 'tis no ſmall part of Policy
To keep ſome little Spies in Enemies Quarters:
The Parliament had Reaſon——————
I would not for five hundred Pounds but ha' corrupted my Couſin *Lucia*'s Maid; and yet it coſts me nothing but Sack-poſſets, and Wine, and Sugar when her Miſtreſs is a Bed, and tawdry Ribbonds, or fine trimm'd Gloves ſometimes, and once I think a pair of Counterfeit Ruby Pendants, that coſt me half a Crown. The poor Wench loves Dy'd Glaſs like an *Indian*; for a Diamond Bob I'd have her Maiden head, if I were a Man and ſhe a Maid. If her Miſtreſs did but talk in her Sleep ſometimes, o' my Conſcience ſhe'd ſit up all Night and watch her, only to tell me in the Morning what ſhe ſaid; 'tis the prettieſt diligent Wench in her Calling, now ſhe has undertaken't.

Her

Her Intelligence juſt now was very good, and
May be o' Conſequence; That young *Truman* is
Stoln up the back way into my Couſin's Chamber.
Theſe are your grave Maids that ſtudy Romances, and will be all *Mandana's* and *Caſſandra's*, and never ſpit but by the Rules of Honour; Oh, here ſhe comes, I hope, with freſh Intelligence from the Foes Rendezvous.

SCENE II.

Aurelia *and* Jane.

Jane Ha, ha, ha! for the Love of Goodneſs hold me, or I ſhall fall down with laughing. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis the beſt Humour——no——I can't tell it you for laughing——Ha, ha, ha! the prettieſt Sport, Ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Why, thou haſt not ſeen him lye with her, haſt thou?
The Wench is mad; pr'ythee what is't?

Jane. Why (hee, hei, ha!) my Miſtreſs ſits by her Servant in a long Veil that covers her from Top to Toe, and ſays not one Word to him, becauſe of the Oath you know that the old Man forc'd his Son to take after your Father had forbid him the Houſe, and he takes half an Hour, like an Aſs as he is, all alone, and looks upon her Hand all the while, and kiſſes it. But that which makes me die with laughing at the Conceit (Ha, ha, ha!) is, that when he aſks her any thing, ſhe goes to the Table, and writes her Anſwer: You never ſaw ſuch an innocent Puppet-play!

Aur. Dear *Jane*, (kiſs me *Jane*) how ſhall I do to ſee 'em?

Jane. Why, Madam, I'll go lock the Key of my Miſtreſs's Cloſet above, that looks into her Chamber, where you may ſee all, and not be ſeen.

Aur. Why that's as good as the Trick o' the Veil; do, dear *Jane*, quickly, 'twill make us excellent Sport at Night, and we'll fuddle our Noſes together, ſhall we, dear *Jane*?

Jane. Ay, dear Madam! I'll go ſeek out the Key.

Aur. 'Tis ſtrange, if this Trick o' my Couſin's ſhould beget no Trick o' mine, That would be pitiful dull doings.

SCENE III.

Aurelia *and Mr.* Puny.

Aur. Here comes another of her Servants; a young, rich, fantaſtical Fop, that would be a Wit, and has got a new way of being ſo; he ſcorns to ſpeak any thing that's common, and finds out ſome impertinent Similitude for every thing. The Devil, I think, can't find one for him. This Coxcomb has ſo little Brains too, as to make me the Confident of his Amours. I'll thank him for his Confidence e'er I ha' done with him.

Pun. Who's here? O Madam! is your Father out of his Metaphoricall Grave yet? You underſtand my Meaning, my dear Confident? You're a Wit!

Aur. Like what, Mr. *Puny?*

Pun. Why——like——me!

Aur. That's right your way, Mr. *Puny*, it's an odd Similitude.

Pun. But where's your Father, little Queen o' Diamonds? Is he extant? I long like a Woman big with Twins to ſpeak with him!

Aur. You can't now poſſibly. There was never any Creature ſo ſick with a Diſeaſe as he is with Phyſick, to Day, the Doctor and the Apothecary's with him, and will let no body come in. But Mr. *Puny*, I have Words o' Comfort for you!

Pun. What, my dear Queen o' *Sheba!* and I have *Ophir* for thee if thou haſt.

Aur. Why your Rival is forbid our Houſe, and has ſworn to his Father never to ſee or hear your Miſtreſs more.

Pun. I knew that Yeſterday, as well as I new my *Credo*; but I'm the very *Jew* of *Malta*, if ſhe did not uſe me ſince that, worſe than I'd uſe a rotten Apple.

Aur. Why, that can't be, Brother Wit, why that was uncivilly done of her!

Pun. O hang her, Queen of Fairies, (I'm all for Queens to Day I think) ſhe cares much for that; no, that *Aſſyrian* Crocodile *Truman* is ſtill ſwimming in her *Præcordiums*, but I'll ſo Ferret him out, I'll beat him as a *Bloomſbury* Whore beats Hemp; I'll ſpoil his grave Dominical Poſtures; I'll make him ſneak, and look like a Door off the Hinges.

Aur.

Anr. That's hard! but he deſerves it truly, if he ſtrive to Annihilate.

Pun. Why well ſaid, Siſter Wit, now thou ſpeak'ſt odly too!

Aur. Well, without Wit or Foolery, Mr. *Puny*, what will you give me, if this Night, this very improbable Night, I make you marry my Couſin *Lucia?*

Pun. Thou talk'ſt like *Meduſa*'s Head, thou aſtoniſheſt me,

Aur. Well, in plain Language as befits a Bargain; there's Pen and Ink in the next Chamber, give but a Bill under your Hand to pay me five hundred Pounds in Gold (upon Forfeiture of a thouſand if you fail) within an Hour after the Buſineſs is done, and I'll be bound Body for Body my Couſin *Lucia* ſhall be your Wife this Night; if I deceive you, your Bond will do you no hurt, if I do not, conſider a little before-hand, whether the Work deſerves the Reward, and do as you think fit.

Pun. There ſhall be no more conſidering than in a Haſty-Pudding; I'll write it an' you will in Short-hand, to diſpatch immediately, and preſently go put five hundred Marygolds in a Purſe for you. Come, away like an Arrow out of a *Scythian* Bow.

Aur. I'll do your Buſineſs for you, I'll warrant you; *Allons Mon Cher.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cutter, *and* Worm.

Cut. Now I ha' thee at the Place where thou affrontedſt me, here will I cut thy Throat.

Wor. You'll be hang'd firſt.

Cut. No by this Light.

Wor. You'll be hang'd after then.

Cut. Not ſo neither; for I'll hew thee into ſo many Morſels, that the Crowner ſhall not be able to give his Verdict, whether 'twas the Body of a Man or of a Beaſt, as thou art. Thou ſhalt be Mince-meat, *Worm*, within this Hour.

Wor. He was a Coward once, nor have I ever heard one Syllable ſince of his Reformation; he ſhall not daunt me.

Cut. Come on; I'll ſend thee preſently to *Erebus*; [*Draws.*
Without either Bail or Main prize.

Wor. Have at you, *Cutter*, an' thou hadſt as many Lives as are in *Plutarch*, I'd make an End of 'em all.

Cut. Come on, Miſcreant.

Wor. Do, do! ſtrike an' thou dar'ſt.

Cut. Coward, I'll give thee the Advantage of the firſt Puſh, Coward.

Wor. I ſcorn to take any thing o' thee, *Jew*.

Cut. If thou dar'ſt not ſtrike firſt, thou ſubmitt'ſt and I give thee thy Life.

Wor. Remember, *Cutter*, you were treacherous firſt to me, and therefore muſt begin. Come, pox upon't, this Quarrel will coſt us Quarts o' Wine a-piece before the Treaty o' Peace be ended.

Cut. Here's Company coming in; I'll hear o' no Treaties, *Worm*, we'll fight it out.

SCENE V.

Enter to them Aurelia *and* Puny.

Aur. Five hundred neat Gentlemen like twenty Shilling Pieces, tho' never waſh'd not barb'd—— [*Reading.*
A Curſe upon him, can't he write a Bond without theſe Sotteries?

Pun. Why how now *Panims?* Fighting like two Sea fiſh in the Map? Why how now my little *Gallimaufry*, my little *Oleopodrido* of Arts and Arms; Hold the fierce Gudgeons!

Aur. 'Ods my Life, *Puny*, let's go in again; that's the only way to part 'em.

Pun. Do, do! kill one another, and be hang'd like Ropes of Onions.

Cut At your Command? No, *Puny*, I'll be forc'd by no Man; put up, *Worm*; we'll fight for no Man's Pleaſure, but our own.

Wor. Agreed! I won't make Sport wſth murdering any Man, an' he were a *Turk*.

Pun. Why now ye ſpeak like the Pacifick Sea; we'll to the King's Pole anon, and drink all into *Pylades* again; we'll drink up a whole Veſſel there to Redintegration,

gration, and that ſo big, that the Tun of *Heydelburg* ſhall ſeem but a Barrel of Pickl'd Oyſters to it; mean time, thou pretty little Smith o' my good Fortune, beat hard upon the Anvil of your Plot, I'll go and provide the Spankers. [*Exit* Puny.

Cut. Your Couſin, Mrs. *Aurelia*, has abus'd us moſt irreverently.

Aur. Why, what's the Matter?

Cut. Your Father recommended us two as Suiters to her.

Aur. And ſhe'd ha' none of you? What a foo'iſh Girl 'tis, to ſtand in her own Light ſo?

Wor. Nay, that's not all, but ſhe us'd us worſe then if we'd been the verieſt Rogues upon the Face of the whole Earth.

Aur. That's a little thought too much, but 'twas ſafer erring o' that hand.

Cut. Ay, we're like to get much, I ſee, by complaining to you.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! Here's the Key o' the Cloſet, go up ſoftly, Madam, Ha, ha ha! and make no Noiſe, dear Madam, I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Aur. Why does this little Foppotee laugh always? 'Tis ſuch a Ninny that ſhe betrays her Miſtreſs, and thinks ſhe does no hurt at all, no, not ſhe. Well, wretched Lovers, come along with me now, (but ſoftly upon your Lives, as you would ſteal to a Miſtreſs thro' her Mother's Chamber) and I'll ſhew you this ſevere *Penelope*, lock'd up alone in a Chamber with your Rival.

Cut As ſoftly as Snow falls.

Wor. Or Vapours riſe.

Aur. What are you Puniſh too with your Similitudes? Mum — not a Word — pull off your Shoes at Bottom of the Stairs, and follow me.

SCENE VI.

Enter Truman *Junior*.

And preſently Aurelia, Cutter, *and* Worm, *appear at a little Window.*

Trum. Why ſhou'd her cruel Uncle ſeek t' oppoſe
A Love in all Reſpects ſo Good and Equal?
He has ſome wicked End in't, and deſerves
To be deceiv'd! *Cut.*

Cut. Deceiv'd? pray mark that, Madam.

Trum. She is gone in to ſee if Things be ripe yet,
To make our laſt Attempt upon her Uncle;
If our Plot fail——

Aur. A Plot i'faith, and I ſhall Counter-plot ye.

Trum. In ſpight of our worſt Enemies, our Kindred.
And a raſh Oath that's cancell'd in the making,
We will purſue our Loves to the laſt Point,
And buy that Paradiſe, though't be with Martyrdom!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucia.

She goes to the Table and writes whilſt he Speaks, and gives him the Paper.

Trum. She's come, methinks I ſee her through her Veil;
She's naked in my Heart with all her Beauties.

Wor. Thou haſt a bawdy Heart, I'll warrant thee.

Cut. Hold your Peace, Coxcomb.

Trum. That has, I think, taken an Oath
Quite contrary to mine, never to ſee
Any thing elſe!

He's extreamly Sick and thinks he ſhall die; the Doctor and 'Pothecary have acted very well I'll be with him preſently. Go into my little Oratory and pray for the Succeſs—— I'll pray with as much Zeal as any Sinner, converted juſt upon the Point of Death, praiſe his ſhort Time out.

[Reads a Paper given him by *Lucia*.

[A Cry within, Mrs. *Aurelia!*

[*Exeunt* Truman *and* Lucia.

Aur. What can this mean? and the Cry within there? Pray let's go down and ſee what's the Matter.

[*They Cry within.*

Enter Will *and* Ralph *crying.*

Will. Ah, Lord! My poor Maſter! Mrs. *Aurelia*, Mrs. *Aurelia!*

Aur. Here, what's the Buſineſs?

Ralph. O Lord! the ſaddeſt Accident.

Aur. For the love of Heav'n ſpeak quickly.

Will. I cannot ſpeak for weeping; my poor Maſter's Poiſon'd.

Aur.

Aur. Poiſon'd! How pr'ythee, and by whom?

Will. Why by the ſtrangeſt Accident, Miſtreſs. The Doctor preſcrib'd one, what d'ye call it, with a hard Name, and that careleſs Rogue the 'Pothecary's Man (miſtaking one Glaſs for another that ſtood by it) put in another what d'ye call it, that is a mortal Poiſon.

Aur. Oh then 'tis plain, there was the Plot they talk'd off; ye heard, Gentlemen, what they ſaid; pray follow me, and bear Witneſs. [*Exit* Aurelia.

Cut. Undoubtedly they had a Hand in't; we ſhall be brought to ſwear againſt them, *Worm.*

Wor. I'll ſwear what I heard, and what I heard not, but I'll hang 'em. I ſee I ſhall be reveng'd o' that proud Tit; but it grieves me for the Colonel.

SCENE VIII.

Colonel Jolly *(brought in a Chair)* Aurelia, Cutter, Worm, Will, Raph, *other Servants.*

Joll. Oh! I ha' vomitted out all my Guts, and all my Entrails———

Aur. Oh my dear Father!

Joll. I'm going, Daughter——ha' ye ſent the pocky Doctor and the plaguy 'Pothecary to a Juſtice o' Peace to be examin'd?

Will. Yes, Sir, your Worſhip's Steward and the Conſtable are gone with 'em; does your Worſhip think they did it out o' Malice, and not by a Miſtake? If I had thought they did, I'd a hang'd 'em preſently, that you might ha' ſeen it done before you dy'd.

Joll. Huh, huh, huh! I think that Rogue the Doctor did it, becauſe I beat him t'other Day in our drinking! Huh, huh, huh!

Aur. No Sir, (O my dear Father) no Sir, you little think who were the contrivers of your Murder, e'en my Couſin *Luce* and her Gallant——Oh Lord——'tis diſcover'd by a miraculous Providence——they're both together in her Chamber now, and there we over-heard 'em as it pleas'd——theſe two Gentlemen heard 'em as well as I———

Joll. Can they be ſuch Monſters? Oh! I'm as hot as *Lucifer*——Oh——Oh! What did you hear 'em ſay? ——Oh my Stomach!

Cut.

Cut. Why that they had a Plot———

Aur. And that the Doctor and 'Pothecary had done it very well.

Wor. Ay, and your Neice aſk'd if he thought the Poiſon was ſtrong enough.

Aur. There never was ſuch an Impudence!

Will. How Murder will out! I always thought, Fellow *Ralph*, your Miſtreſs *Lucia* was nought with that young ſmooth-fac'd Varlet; do you remember, *Ralph*, what I told you in the Buttery once?

Aur. Here ſhe comes! O Impudence!

Enter Lucia.

Joll Oh! Oh! Oh!——go all aſide a little, and let me ſpeak with her alone. Come hither, Neice——— Oh! Oh! You ſee by what Accident 't has pleas'd—— huh——huh——huh——to take away your loving Uncle, Neice! huh——

Luc. I ſee't, Sir, with that Grief which your Misfortune, and mine in the Loſs of you does require.

Cut. There's a Devil for you; But, Captain, did you hear her ſpeak o' Poiſon, and whether it were ſtrong enough? [Joll. *and* Luc. *talk together.*

Wor. No, but I love to ſtrike home when I do a Buſineſs, I'm for thorough-ſtitch; I'm thorough pac'd, what a pox ſhould a Man ſtand mincing?

Luc. I hope, Sir, and have Faith, that you'll recover! But, Sir, becauſe the Danger's too apparent, and who (alas) knows how Heav'n may diſpoſe of you! Before it grow too late (after your Bleſſing) I humbly beg one Boon upon my Knees.

Joll. What is't (riſe up, Neice) Oh———I can deny you nothing at this time ſure!

Luc. It is (I wo' not riſe, Sir, 'till you grant it)
That ſince the Love 'twixt *Truman* and my ſelf
Has been ſo fix'd, and like our Fortunes equal,
Ye would be pleas'd to ſign, before your Death,
The Confirmation of that Love, our Contract,
And when your Soul ſhall meet above my Father's,
As ſoon as he has bid you Welcome thither,
He'll thank you for this Goodneſs to his Daughter;
I do conjure you, Sir, by his Memory!

By

By all your Hopes of Happineſs hereafter
In a better World! and all your deareſt
Wiſhes of Happineſs for thoſe whom ye
Love moſt, and leave behind ye here!

Joll. You ha' deſerv'd ſo well o' me, Neice, that 'tis impoſſible to deny you any thing: Where's gentle Mr. *Truman?*

Luc. In the next Room, Sir, waiting on your Will, As on the Sentence of his Life and Death too.

Joll. Oh——I'm very ſick——pray bring him in.

Luc. A thouſand Angels guard your Life, Sir! Or, if you die, carry you up to Heav'n. [*Exit.*

Wor. Was there ever ſuch a young diſſembling Witch?

Cut. Here's Women in Perfection!
The Devil's in their Tails, and in their Tongues!
They're poſſeſs'd both ways!

Joll. Will, Ralph, is *Jeremy* there too? Be ready when I ſpeak to you.

Enter Truman, Lucia *(veil'd).*

Trum. Our Prayers are heard, 'tis as we wiſh'd, dear *Lucia.* Oh this bleſſed Hour!

Joll. Take him and carry him up to the Green Chamber——Oh my Belly——lock him in ſure there, 'till you ſee what becomes of me; if I do die, he and his Miſtreſs ſhall have but an ill Match of it at *Tyburn.* Oh my Guts——Lock up *Luce* too in her Chamber.

Trum. What do you mean, Gentlemen? Are you mad?

Will. We mean to lock you up ſafe, Sir, for a great Jewel as you are!

Luc. Pray hear me all.

Joll. Away with 'em. [*Exeunt all the Servants wi* Truman *and* Lucia, *ſeveral ways.*]

Aur. How do you, Sir? I hope you may o'ercome it, your Nature's ſtrong, Sir.

Joll. No, 'tis impoſſible; and yet I find a little Eaſe, but 'tis but a flaſh——*Aurelia*——Oh there it wrings me again——fetch me the Cordial-glaſs in the Cabinet Window, and the little Prayer-Book; I would fain repent, but it comes ſo hardly——I am very unfit to die, if it would pleaſe Heav'n——ſo, ſet down the Glaſs——there——give me——

Aur. The Prayer-Book, Sir, 's all mouldy, I muſt wipe it firſt.

Joll.

Joll. Lay it down too——ſo——it begins t' aſſuage a little——there lay down the Book; 'twill but trouble my Brains now I'm a dying.

Enter Will.

Will. Here's the Window, Sir, without, and Mrs. *Tabitha* her Daughter; they have heard o' your Misfortune, and ha' brought Mr. *Knock-down* to comfort you.

Joll. How? Everlaſting *Knock-down!* Will they trouble a Man thus when he's a dying? Sirrah! Blockhead! Let in *Joſeph Knock-down*, and I'll ſend thee to Heav'n before me; I have but an Hour or two to live perhaps, and that's not enough for him I'm ſure to Preach in!

Will. Shall Mrs. *Barebottle* come in, Sir?

Joll. That's a ſhe *Knock-down* too; well, let her come in——huh! huh! huh! I muſt bear all things patiently now: But Sirrah, Rogue! Take heed o' *Joſeph Knock-down*, thou ſhalt not live with Ears, if *Joſeph Knock down* enter.

Enter Widow, *and* Tabitha.

Wid. How do you do, Neighbour Colonel? How is't? Take Comfort.

Joll. Cut off i' th' Flower o' my Age, Widow.

Wid. Why, Man's Life is but a Flower, Mr. *Jolly*, and the Flower withers, and Man withers, as Mr. *Knock-down* obſerv'd laſt Sabbath-day at Evening Exerciſe: But, Neighbour, you're paſt the Flower, you're grown old as well as I——

Joll. I'the very Flower; that damn'd Quack ſalver——

Tab. Methoughts he was the uglieſt Fellow, Mother; and they ſay he's a Papiſh too, forſooth.

Wid. I never lik'd a Doctor with a red Noſe; my Huſband was wont to ſay——How do you, Mrs. *Aurelia?* Comfort your ſelf, we muſt all die ſooner or later; to Day here, to Morrow gone.

Joll. Oh the Torture of ſuch a Tongue! Would I were dead already, and this my Funeral Sermon.

Wid. Alas poor Man! his Tongue I warrant ye is as hot as paſſes; you have a better Memory than I, *Tabitha*, tell him what Mr. *Knock-down* ſaid was a Saint's Duty in tormenting Sickneſſes; now Poiſon's a great Tormenter.

Joll.

Joll. Oh! Oh! —— this additional Poiſon will certainly make an end of me!

Wid. Why ſeek for ſpiritual Incomes, Mr. Colonel; I'll tell you what my Huſband *Barebottle* was wont to obſerve (and he was a Colonel too) he never ſought for Incomes, but he had ſome Bleſſing follow'd immediately; once he ſought for 'em in *Hartfordſhire*, and the next Day he took as many Horſes and Arms in the Country, as ſerv'd to raiſe three Troops; another time he ſought for 'em in *Bucklerſbury*, and three Days after a Friend of his, that he ow'd five hundred Pounds to, was hang'd for a Malignant; and the Debt forgiven him by the Parliament; a third time he ſought for 'em in *Hartfordſhire*——

Tab. No, Mother, 'twas in *Worceſterſhire*, forſooth.

Wid. Ay Child, it was indeed in *Worceſterſhire*; and within two Months after the Dean of *Worceſter*'s Eſtate fell to him.

Joll. He fought for 'em once out o' my Eſtate too, I thank him: Oh my Head!

Wid. Why truly, Neighbour Colonel, he had that but for his Penny, and would have had but a hard Bargain of it, if he had not by a Friend's means of the Council hook'd in two thouſand Pounds of his Arrears.

Cut. For Shame let's relieve him. Colonel, you ſaid you had a mind to ſettle ſome Affairs of your Eſtate with me, and Captain *Worm* here.

Wid. I'll leave you then for a while, pray ſend for me, Neighbour, when you have a Mind to't: Heaven ſtrengthen you; come, *Tabitha*.

Joll Aurelia, go out with them, and leave us three together for half an Hour. [*Exit* Wid. Tab. Aur. Stay you, *Will*, and reach me the Cordial; I begin to hope that my extream violent Fit of Vomiting and Purging has wrought out all the Poiſon, and ſav'd my Life——my Pain's almoſt quite gone, but I'm ſo ſore and faint——give me the Glaſs.

Wor. What d' you mean, Colonel? You will not doat, I hope, now you're dying? Drink I know not what there, made by a Doctor and 'Pothecary? Drink a Cup o' Sack, Man, healing Sack; you'll find your old Antidote beſt.

Cut. He'as Reaſon, Colonel, it agrees beſt with your Nature; 'tis good to recover your Strength—as for the Danger, that's paſt, I'm confident already.

Joll. Doſt thou think ſo, honeſt *Cutter?* Fetch him a Bottle o' Sack, *Will*, for that News; I'll drink a little my ſelf, one little Beer-glaſs.

Cut. Poor Creature! He would try all ways to live!

Joll. Why if I do die, *Cutter*, a Glaſs o' Sack will do me no Hurt I hope: I do not intend to die the whining way, like a Girl that's afraid to lead Apes in Hell ——[*Enter* Will, *with a Bottle and great Glaſs.* So, give it me; a little fuller,——yet——it warms exceedingly ——and is very Cordial——So,——fill to the Gentlemen.

Wor. Let's drink, let's drink, whilſt Breath we have; [*Sings.*
You'll find but cold, but cold drinking in the Grave.

Cut. A Catch i'faith! Boy, go down, Boy, go down,
And fill us t'other Quart,
That we may drink the Colonel's Health.

Wor. That we may drink the Colonel's Health,

Both. Before that we do part.

Wor. Why doſt thou frown, thou arrant Clown!
Hey Boys——Tope——

Joll. Why this is very chearly! Pray let's ha' the Catch that we made t'other Night againſt the Doctor.

Wor. Away with't, *Cutter*; hum——
Come fill us the Glaſs o' Sack.

Cut. What Health do we lack?

Wor. Confuſion to the Quack.

Both. Confound him, confound him,
Diſeaſes all around him.

Cut. And fill again the Sack,

Wor. That no Man may lack,

Cut. Confuſion to the Quack,

Both. Confuſion to the Quack,
Confound him, confound him,
Diſeaſes all around him,

Wor. He's a kind of Grave-maker,

Cut. An Urinal Shaker,

Wor. A wretched Groat-taker,

Cut. A ſtinking Cloſe-Stool raker.

Wor. He's a Quack, that's worſe than a Quaker.

Both. He's a Quack, &c. *Wor.*

Wor. Hey Boys——*Gingo*——

Joll. Give me the Glaſs, *Will*, I'll venture once more, whate'er come on't. Here's a Health to the Royal Traveller, and ſo *Finis Coronat.*

Wor. Come on Boys, *Vivat*; have at you again then. Now a Pox on the Poll of old Politick *Noll.*

Both. We'll drink 'till we bring
In Triumph back the King.

Wor. May he live 'till he ſee
Old *Noll* upon a Tree.

Wor. And many ſuch as he.

Both. May he live 'till, *&c.*

Joll. I'm very ſick again; *Will*, help me into my Bed; reſt you merry, Gentlemen.

Cut. Nay, we'll go in with him, Captain, he ſhall not die this bout.

Wor. It's pity but he ſhould, he does 't ſo bravely; come along then, kiſs me, *Cutter*; Is not this better than Quarrelling?

Both. May he live 'till he ſee, *&c.*
Hey for Fidlers now! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Jolly *and* Aurelia.

Joll. 'TIS true, *Aurelia*, the Story they all agree in; 'twas nothing but a ſimple Plot o' the two Lovers to put me in fear of Death, in hope to work then upon my good Nature, or my Conſcience, and Quack conſpir'd with them out o' Revenge; 'twas a curſed Rogue tho' to give me ſuch an unmerciful Doſe of *Scammony!* It might ha' prov'd but an ill Jeſt; but however, I will not be a loſer by the Buſineſs, e'er I ha' done with't.

Aur. Methinks there might be ſomething extracted out of it.

Joll. Why ſo there ſhall; I'll pretend, *Aurelia*, to be ſtill deſperately ſick, and that I was really poiſon'd; no Man will blame me after that, for whatſoever I do with my Neice. But that's not all, I will be mightily trou-

bled in Conſcience, ſend for the Widow, and be converted by her, that will win her Heart, join'd with the Hopes of my ſwallowing *Lucia*'s Portion.

Aur. For that Point I'll aſſiſt you, Sir: Aſſure her that my Couſin *Lucia* is marry'd privately this Afternoon to Mr *Puny*.

Joll. I would ſhe were, Wench. (for thine and my Sake) her Portion would be forfeited then indeed, and ſhe would ha' no great need of 't, for that Fop's very rich.

Aur. Well, Sir, I'll bring ſufficient Proofs of that, to ſatisfy the Widow, and that's all you require; be pleas'd to let this Secret of the Buſineſs reſt with me yet a while, To-morrow you ſhall know't. But for my own Part, Sir, if I were in your Place, I'd rather patiently loſe my Eſtate for ever, than take't again with her.

Joll. Oh! hold your ſelf contented, good frank-hearted *Aurelia*; would I were to marry ſuch a one every Week theſe two Years: See how we differ now?

Aur. Bleſs us! What humming and hawing will be i' the Houſe! What preaching, and houling, and faſting, and eating among the Saints! Their firſt pious Work will be to baniſh *Fletcher* and *Ben Johnſon* out o' the Parlour, and bring in their Rooms *Martin-Mar-Prelate*, and Poſies of Holy Honey-ſuckles, and a Salve-box for a wounded Conſcience, and a Bundle of Grapes from *Canaan*. I can't abide 'em; but I'll break my Siſter *Tabitha*'s Heart within a Month one way or other. But, Sir, ſuppoſe the King ſhould come in again, (as I hope he will for all theſe Villains) and you have your own again o' Courſe, you'd be very proud of a Soap-boiler's Widow then in *Hide-Park*, Sir.

Joll. Oh! Then the Biſhops will come in too, and ſhe'll away to *New-England*; well, this does not do my Buſineſs; I'll about it. and ſend for her. [*Exit.*

Enter Ralph.

Aur. And I'll about mine; *Ralph*, did you ſpeak to Mr. *Puny* to meet me an Hour hence at the Back door in the Garden? He muſt not know the Eſtate the Houſe is in yet.

Ralph. Yes, forſooth, he bad me tell you, he'd no more fail you than the Sun fails *Barnaby day*, I know not what he means by't, but he charg'd me to tell you ſo,

ſo, and he would bring (forſooth) his Regiment of five hundred. He's a Mad man, I think.

Aur. Well, did you ſpeak to Mr. *Soaker* to ſtay within too, the little Deacon that uſes to drink with *Will* and you?

Ralph. Yes, forſooth, he's in the Buttery.

Aur. Pray Heav'n he don't forget my Inſtructions there! But firſt I have a little Trick for my Lovers to begin withal, they ſhall ha' twenty more before I ha' done with 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Trum. The Veil of this Miſtake will ſoon be caſt away, I would I could remove *Lucia*'s as eaſily, and ſee her Face again, as fair, as ſhortly our Innocence will appear.

But if my angry Father come to know our late Intelligence in this unlucky Buſineſs, though we ha' fulfill'd the Letter of his Will, that which can ſatisfy a Lover's Conſcience will hardly do ſo to an old Man's Paſſion; ye heav'nly Powers, or take away my Life, or give me quickly that for which I am only content to keep it.

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, *(veil'd).*

Ha! I did but ſpeak juſt now of heav'nly Powers,
And my bleſt Angel enters, ſure they have
Heard me, and promiſe what I pray'd for.
My dear *Lucia*, I thought you'd been a kind of Priſoner too. [*She gives him a Paper, and embraces him.*
She's kinder too than ſhe was wont to be;
My Prayers are heard and granted, I'm confirm'd in't.

[Reads.] *By my Maid's Means I have gotten Keys both of my own Chamber and yours; we may eſcape if you pleaſe; but that I fear would ruin you; We lye both now in the ſame Houſe, a good Fortune that is not like to continue; ſince I have the Engagement of your Faith, I account my ſelf your Wife already, and ſhall put my Honour into your Hands; about Midnight I ſhall ſteal to you; If I were to ſpeak this, I ſhould bluſh, but I know whom I truſt.*

Yours, *Lucia.*

Tum. Thou doſt not know me, *Lucia*, [*Aſide.*
And haſt forgot thy ſelf: I am amaz'd.
Stay, here's a Poſtſcript. *Burn this Paper as ſoon as you have read it.*
Burn it? Yes, would I had don't before,
[*Burns it at the Candle.*
May all Remembrance of thee periſh with thee,
Unhappy Paper!
Thy very Aſhes ſure will not be innocent,
But fly about and hurt ſome chaſte Man's Eyes,
As they do mine. [*Weeps.*
Oh, *Lucia*, this I thought of all Misfortunes
Would never have befallen me, to ſee thee
Forget the Ways of Virtue and of Honour.
I little thought to ſee upon our Love,
That flouriſh'd with ſo ſweet and freſh a Beauty,
The ſlimy Traces of that Serpent, Luſt.
What Devil has poiſon'd her? I know not what to ſay to her.
Go, *Lucia*, retire, pr'ythee, to thy Chamber,
And call thy wandering Virtue home again,
It is not yet far gone, but call it quickly,
'Tis in a dangerous way; I will forget thy Error,
And ſpend this Night in Prayers that Heav'n may do ſo.
[*Exit.* Aur.
Would ſhe have had me been mine own Adulterer?
Before my Marriage!——Oh Luſt——Oh Frailty——
Where in all human Nature ſhall we miſs
The ulcerous Fermentations of thy Heat,
When thus (alas) we find thee breaking out
Upon the comeli'ſt Viſage of Perfection? [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Pray Heav'n, I han't made my fooliſh Wit ſtay for me; if he talk with others of the Houſe before me I'm undone. Stay, have I my Paper ready? Oh! that's well! my Hand I'm ſure's as like hers as the Left is to the Right, we were taught by the ſame Maſter, pure *Italian*, there's her *A*'s and her *G*'s I'll ſwear——Oh! are you come? That's well.

Pulls out a Paper.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Puny.

'Tis almoſt four o'Clock, and that's the precious Hour.

Pun. My little *Heliogabalus*, here I am, *Præſto!*

Aur. You're always calling me Names, Mr. *Puny*, that's unkindly done to one that's labouring for you as I am.

Pun. I ha' made more haſte hither, than a Parſon does to a Living o' three hundred and fifty Pounds a Year.

Aur. Puny, you're not a Man o' Buſineſs I ſee, that's not the Stile o' Buſineſs; Well, I ha' done, I think, the Work for you; 'tis as odd a Plot as ever you heard.

Pun. I like it better, I love odd things.

Aur. Why thus then, you know Mr. *Truman* took an Oath to his Father never to ſee my Couſin more without his leave.

Pun. Piſh, do I know that a Lawyer loves to take Money in a *Michaelmaſs* Term?

Aur. A pies upon you: Well, my Father has made *Lucy* ſwear to, never to ſee *Truman* without his Conſent.

Pun. Good, there will be a good Bo-peep Love.

Aur. For all this they're reſolv'd to Marry this Afternoon (nay, don't interrupt me with your Fopperies, or I'll be gone) and to ſave their Oaths (like cunning Caſuiſts, as all Lovers are) they'll be marry'd in a dark Room (do you mark me?) the Miniſter, Mr. *Soaker*, is to marry them without Book; and becauſe they're bound not to ſpeak to one another (for that I forgot to tell you) they're to ſignifie their Conſent, when he aſks 'em, *Will you ſuch-a-one*——by Reverences, and giving their Hands; you never heard of ſuch a Humour, but they're both mad———

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Rare, as fantaſtical as a Whirligig———but how came you to know all this, my little pretty Witch of *Lancaſhire?*

Aur. Why that I'm coming to; her Maid you muſt know is my Penſioner, and betrays all Counſels; and to confirm all this to you, here's her laſt Letter to *Truman* about the Buſineſs, which my Intelligencer has deliver'd to me inſtead of him, you know her Hand: Read it all over to your ſelf.

Pun.

Pun. I'll ſwear by her Foot, this is her Hand —— hum ——[Reads] ——*My Uncle's ſick, and no Body will be at this ſide o' the Houſe——the matted Chamber* —hum ——*In at the back Door, which ſhall be left only put too* ——(ha, ha, ha!) *Mr.* Soaker *with you——juſt at four ——you muſt not ſtay long with me*——(ha, ha, ha!) *when 'tis done and paſt recovery, they'll releaſe us of our Oaths* ——hum——*I ſhall not fail——Yours*, L. (ha, ha, ha!)

Aur. Now he knows nothing o' the Time, for that he ſhould ha' known by this Letter; and you conceive my Deſign, I hope you're not a Wit for nothing

Pun. My dear *Pythagorean*, that I ſhould go in and Marry her inſtead of him?

Aur. Right! Thou'ſt a ſhrewd reach.

Pun. But where's old *Soaker* all this while!

Aur. Why, I ha' told this all to him, only naming you in all things inſtead of *Truman*; and that 'twas my Contrivance all for my Couſin's and your ſake; he's within at a Call, I'll ſend for him; Who's there, *Mary?* Call hither Mr. *Soaker*; I ha' given him five Pounds, and for ſo much more he'll Marry you to another to Morrow, if you will.

Pun. I adore thee, Queen *Solomon*; I had rather be marry'd by ſuch a Plot as this, than be Nephew to *Preſter-John*——I'll make't a thouſand Spankers.

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Aur. Oh come, 'tis time, Mr. *Soaker*; as ſoon as you ha' done, leave the marry'd Couple together, I'll lock this Door upon you, go out at the t'other, where ſhe'll come in to you.

Pun. 'Tis as dark as the Devil's Conſcience; but the beſt is, the Parſon has a good *Fieri Facies*, like a Holiday, that will give ſome Light.

Aur. No! there's Light enough to keep you from ſtumbling within. Oh! I forgot to tell you, break a Piece of Gold, and give half, for a Proof of the—— do you underſtand me?

Pun. 'Tis well thought on; but, *Domine Doctoribus*, can you ſay the Service without Book are you ſure?

Soak. I warrant you, Sir; can you lye with her without Book afterwards?

Pun. He's a Wit too, by *Juno*: all are Wits that have a Finger in this Veniſon-Paſty.

Aur.

Aur. She'll come immediately, go in; do not ſtay above half an Hour, Mr. *Puny*, my Couſin will be miſs'd elſe, and all ſpoil'd.

Pun. I'll warrant you, let's in; dear Learning lead the Way. [*They go in, and* Aurelia *locks the Door o' the out ſide.*

Aur. So, all's ſure this way; I'll be with you ſtraight.

SCENE VI.

Enter Jolly, *and* Cutter.

Joll. So, now the Widow's gone, I may breathe a little; I believe really that true Devotion is a great Pleaſure, but 'tis a damn'd Conſtraint and Drudgeon methinks this Diſſimulation of it. I wonder how the new Saints can endure it, to be always at the Work, Day and Night acting: But great Gain makes every thing ſeem eaſy; and they have, I ſuppoſe, good luſty Recreations in private. She's gone, the Little Holy Thing, as proud as *Lucifer*, with the Imagination of having been choſen the Inſtrument of my Converſion from *Popery*, *Prelacy*, and *Cavelieriſm*, ſhe's gone to brag of't to *Joſeph Knock-down*, and bring him to confirm me. But, *Cutter*, thine was the beſt Humour that ever was begot in a Rogue's Noddle, to be converted in an Inſtant, the Inſpiration way, by my Example! It may hap to get Thee *Tabitha*.

Cut. Nay, and I hit juſt pat upon her way, for though the Mother be a kind of *Browniſt*, (I know not what the Devil ſhe is indeed) yet *Tabitha* is o' the Fift Monarchy Faith, and was wont to go every *Sunday* afoot over the Bridge to hear Mr. *Feak*, when he was Priſoner in *Lambeth-Houſe*; ſhe has had a Viſion too her ſelf of Horns, and ſtrange things.

Joll. Piſh! *Cutter*, for the Way, that's not material, ſo there be but enough of Nonſenſe and Hypocriſy: But, *Cutter*, you muſt reform your Habit too, a little; off with that Sword and Buff, and greaſie Plume o' Ribbons in your Hat. They'll be back here preſently do't quickly.

Cut. I'll be chang'd in an Inſtant, like a Scene, and then I'll fetch 'em to you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Truman *Senior.*

Trum. ſen. Ay, there goes one of his Swaggerers; I could ha' ſwagger'd with him once.——Oh! Colonel, you're

you're finely poiſon'd, are you not? Would I had the poiſoning o' you —— Where's my Son *Dick?* What ha' you done with him?

Joll. Mr. *Truman.*

Trum. ſen. True me no more than I true you—— Come——Colonel, you're but a ſwaggering——I'll ha' the Law to ſwagger with you, that I will.

Joll. Firſt leave your raging; tho' you ſhould rage like *Tamerlain* at the Bull, 'twould do no good here.

Trum. ſen. Do you call me Names too? I'll have an Action o' *Scandalum.* Well, Colonel. ſince you provoke me, the *Protector* ſhall know what you are, and what you would have had me done for the King, in the time of the laſt riſing.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, I took you for a Perſon of Honour, and a Friend to his Majeſty; I little thought to hear you ſpeak of betraying a Gentleman to the *Protector.*

Trum ſen. Betraying? No, Sir, I ſcorn it as much as you, but I'll let him know what you are, and ſo forth, an' you keep my Son from me.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, if you'll but hear me patiently, I ſhall propoſe a thing that will, I hope, be good and acceptable both to your Son and you.

Trum. ſen. Say you ſo, Sir? Well, but I won't be call'd *Tamerlain.*

Joll. My Neice, not only by her wicked Deſign to poiſon me, but my marrying her ſelf without my Conſent this Day to *Puny*, has (as you know very well, for you were a Witneſs, Sir, to my Brother's Will) loſt all the Right ſhe had to a plentiful Portion. *Aurelia* ſhall have that and my Eſtate (which now within a few Days I ſhall recover) after my Death; ſhe's not, I think, unhandſome, and all that know her will confeſs ſhe wants no Wit; with theſe Qualities, and this Fortune, if your Son like her (for tho' he has injur'd me, Sir, I forget that, and attribute it only to the Enchantments of my Neice) I do ſo well approve both of his Birth and Parts, and of that Fortune which you, I think, will pleaſe to make him, that I ſhould be extreamly glad of the Alliance.

Trum. ſen. Good Colonel, you were always a kind Neighbour and loving Friend to our Family, and ſo were

were we to you, and had Reſpects for you; you know I would have had *Dick* marry your Neice, 'til you declar'd he ſhould ha' no Portion with her.

Joll For that I had a particular Reaſon, Sir: your Son's above in my Houſe; ſhall I call him, Sir, that we may know his Mind? I would not have him forc'd.

Trum. ſen. Pray ſend for him, good Colonel; Forc'd? No, I'll make him do't, I'll warrant you Boys muſt not be their own Chuſers, Colonel, they muſt not i'faith; they have their Sympathies and Fiddle-come-faddles in their Brain, and know not what they would ha' themſelves.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Lucia.

Joll. Why how now, *Lucia?* How come you from your Chamber?

Luc. I hope you did not mean me a Priſoner, Sir, ſince now you're ſatisfy'd ſufficiently that you're not poiſon'd.

Joll. I am not dead, that's true. But I may thank Heav'n, and a ſtrong Conſtitution for't; you did your Endeavours; however, for the Honour of our Family, and for your Father's Sake, I'll ſpeak no more of that; but I could wiſh, for the Security of my Life hereafter, that you would go home to your Huſband, for they ſay you're marry'd, Neice, this Day without my Knowledge——Nay,——I'm content——go home to him when you pleaſe, you ſhall ha' your thouſand Pounds.

Trum. ſen. Hark you, Colonel, ſhe ſhould not have a Groat of 'em, not a Groat; ſhe can't recover't by Law, I know the Will.

Luc. I marry'd, Sir? 'Tis the firſt News I've heard of't.

SCENE IX.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Lucia *goes to put on her Veil.*

Joll. Nay, leave your pretty Jeſuitical Love tricks to ſalve an Oath; Mr. *Truman*, You may let your Son ſee her now.

Trum. ſen. Ay, *Dick*, you may ſee her as much as you pleaſe; ſhe's marry'd.

Trum. jun. Marry'd?

Trum. ſen. Ay, marry'd, ſo I ſay, marry'd this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*.

Luc. What do they mean?

Trum. ſen. And, *Dick*, I ha' got a Wife too for you, you ſhall ha' pretty Mrs. *Aurelia*.

Trum. jun. *Lucia* marry'd?

Trum. ſen. Her Father and I are agreed of all Things; Hark you, *Dick*, ſhe has a brave Fortune now.

Trum. jun. Marry'd to *Puny?*

Trum. ſen. You ſhall have her preſently.

Trum. jun. This Afternoon?

Trum. ſen. Come, *Dick*; there's a Wife for you, *Dick*.

Trum. jun. I won't marry, Sir.

Trum ſen. What do you ſay, Sir?

Trum. jun. I wo' not marry, Sir.

Trum ſen. Get you out o' my Sight, you Rebel.

Joll. Nay good Mr. *Truman*.

Trum. ſen. I'll ne'er acknowledge him for my Son again; I tell you, Colonel, he's always thus, with his wo'nots and his cannots.

SCENE X.

Enter Puny.

Pun. We ha' made ſhort Work on't; 'twas a brave quick Parſonides: The little ſkittiſh *Philly* got away from me, I know not how, like an Eel out of a Baſket.

Joll. Give him a little time, Mr. *Truman*, he's troubled yet at my Neice's Marriage, 'twill over quickly.

Trum. ſen. Give my Son Time, Mr. *Jolly?* Marry come up——

SCENE XI.

Enter Aurelia, (*after* Puny.)

Aur. What, ha' you done already? You're a ſweet Huſband indeed.

Pun. Oh! My little Pimp of Honour! Here here's the five hundred Marygolds; hold thy Hand, *Dido*—— Yonder's my Wife, by Satan; how a Devil that little *Mephoſtophilus* got hither before me?

Aur. To her, *Puny*; never conceal the Myſtery any longer, 'tis too good a Jeſt to be kept cloſe.

Trum.

Trum. ſen. For your ſake I will then, Colonel; Come pr'ythee, *Dick*, be chearful———

Trum. jun. I beſeech you ———Sir———

Trum ſen. Look you there, Colonel; now he ſhould do what I would have him, now he's a beſeeching—— 'tis the proudeſt ſtubborneſt Coxcomb——

Pun. [to *Jolly*] And now, my noble Uncle——nay, never be angry at a Marriage i' the way of Wit——My fair *Egyptian* Queen, come to thine *Anthony*.

Luc. What would this rude Fellow have?

Trum. jun. I am drown'd in Wonder!

Pun. 'Twas I, my dear *Philoclea*, that marry'd thee e'en now in the dark Room, like an amorous Cat; you may remember the Damaſk Bed by a better Token of two than a bow'd *Philip* and *Mary*.

Luc. I call Heav'n to witneſs,
Which will protect and juſtifie the Innocent,
I underſtand not the leaſt Word he utters,
But as I took him always for a Fool,
I now do for a Mad man.

Aur. She's angry yet to have miſtook her Man. [*To* Jolly.] 'Tis true Sir, all that Mr. *Puny* ſays, I mean for the Marriage; for the reſt, ſhe's beſt able to anſwer for her ſelf.

Luc. True, Couſin; then I ſee 'tis ſome Conſpiracy t' enſnare my Honour and my Innocence.

Aur. The Parſon, Mr. *Soaker*, that marry'd 'em is ſtill within.

Will. He's i'th' Buttery, ſhall I call him, Sir?

Joll. Ay, quickly.

Trum. jun. 'Tis the Sight of me, no doubt, confounds her with a Shame to confeſs any thing: It ſeems that ſudden Fit of raging Luſt, that brought her to my Chamber, could not reſt 'till it was ſatisfy'd, It ſeems I know not what.

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Joll Mr. *Soaker*, did you marry my Neice this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*, in the Matted Chamber?

Soak. Yes, Sir, I hope your Worſhip won't be angry; Marriage, your Worſhip knows, is honourable.

Luc. Haſt thou no Conſcience neither?

SCENE XII.

Enter Widow, Tabitha, Cutter *in a Puritanical Habit.*

Joll. Neice, go in a little, I'll come t' you preſently and examine this Matter further; Mr. *Puny*, lead in your Wife for Shame.

Luc. Villain, come not near me, I'll ſooner touch a Scorpion or a Viper. [*Exit.*

Pun. She's as humourous as a Bell-Rope; ſhe need not be ſo cholerick, I'm ſure I behav'd myſelf like *Propria quæ maribus.*

Aur. Come in with me, Mr. *Puny*, I'll teach you how you ſhall handle her. [*Exeunt* Aur. Pun.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, pray take your Son home, and ſee how you can work upon him there; ſpeak fairly to him.

Trum. ſen. Speak fairly to my Son? I'll ſee him bury'd firſt.

Joll. I mean, perſuade him———

Trum. ſen. Oh! that's another matter; I will perſuade him, Colonel, but if ever I ſpeak fair to him 'till he mends his Manners——Come along with me Jackſawce, come home.

Trum. jun. Ay, Sir, any whither.

[*Exeunt* Trum. *ſen.* Trum *jun.*

Wid. What's the Matter, Brother Colonel, are there any Broils here?

Joll. Why, Siſter, my Neice has marry'd without my Conſent, and ſo it pleaſes, it e'en pleaſes Heav'n to beſtow her Eſtate upon me.

Wid. Why, Brother, there's a Bleſſing now already: If you had been a wicked Cavalier ſtill, ſhe'd ha' done her Duty, I warrant you, and defrauded you of the whole Eſtate; my Brother *Cutter* here is grown the heavenlieſt Man o' the ſudden, 'tis his Work.

Cut. Siſter *Barebottle*, I muſt not be call'd *Cutter* any more, that is a Name of *Cavalero* Darkneſs; the Devil was a *Cutter* from the Beginning; my Name is now *Abednego*, I had a Viſion which whiſper'd to me through a Key-hole, Go call thy ſelf *Abednego.*

Tab. The wonderful Vocation of ſome Veſſels!

Cut.

Cut. It is a Name that ſignifies fiery Furnaces, and Tribulation, and Martyrdom, I know I am to ſuffer for the Truth.

Tab. Not as to Death, Brother, if it be his Will.

Cut. As to Death, Siſter, but I ſhall glorioufly return.

Joll. What, Brother, after Death? That were miraculous.

Cut. Why the Wonder of it is, that it is to be miraculous.

Joll. But Miracles are ceas'd, Brother, in this wicked Age of Cavaleriſm.

Cut. They are not ceas'd, Brother, nor ſhall they ceaſe 'till the Monarchy be eſtabliſh'd.

I ſay again, I am to return, and to return upon a Purple Dromedary, which ſignifies Magiſtracy, with an Axe in my Hand that is call'd Reformation, and I am to ſtrike with that Axe upon the Gate of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and cry, *Down* Babylon, and the Building call'd *Weſtminſter-Hall* is to run away, and caſt it ſelf into the River, and then Major-General *Harriſon* is to come in green Sleeves from the North upon a Sky-colour'd Mule, which ſignifies heavenly Inſtruction.

Tab. Oh the Father! He's as full of Myſteries as an Egg is full of Meat.

Cut. And he is to have a Trumpet in his Mouth as big as a Steeple, and at the ſounding of that Trumpet all the Churches in *London* are to fall down.

Wid. Oh ſtrange, what Times ſhall we ſee here in poor *England!*

Cut. And then *Venner* ſhall march up to us from the Weſt in the Figure of a Wave of the Sea, holding in his Hand a Ship that ſhall be call'd the Ark of the Reform'd.

Joll. But when muſt this be, Brother *Abednego?*

Cut. Why all theſe things are to be when the Cat of the North has o'ercome the Lion of the South, and when the Mouſe of the Weſt has ſlain the Elephant of the Eaſt. I do hear a ſilent Voice within me, that bids me riſe up preſently, and declare theſe things to the Congregation of the Lovely in *Coleman-ſtreet*. *Tabitha, Tabitha, Tabitha*, I call thee thrice, come along with me, *Tabitha*. [*Exit. Tab.*

Tab. There was ſomething of this, I remember, in my laſt Viſion of Horns the other Day. Holy Man! I follow thee: Farewel, forſooth, Mother, 'till anon.

Foil. Come, let's go in too, Siſter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

WHAT ſhall I think henceforth of Womankind?
When I know *Lucia* was the beſt of it,
And ſee her what ſhe is? What are they made of?
Their Love, their Faith, their Souls enſlav'd to Paſſion!
Nothing at their Command beſide their Tears,
And we, vain Men, whom ſuch Heat-drops deceive!
Hereafter I will ſet my ſelf at Liberty,
And if I ſigh or grieve, it ſhall not be
For Love of one, but Pity of all the Sex.

SCENE II.

Enter Lucia.

Ha! ſhe will not let me ſee her ſure;
If ever, *Lucia*, a Veil befitted thee,
'Tis now, that thou may'ſt hide thy guilty Bluſhes.

Luc. If all their Malice yet
Have not prevail'd on *Truman*'s Conſtancy,
They'll miſs their wicked End, and I ſhall live ſtill.
I'll go and ſpeak to him.

Trum. Forbear *Lucia*, for I have made a ſecond Oath, which I ſhall keep, I hope with leſſer trouble, never to ſee thy Face more.

Luc. You were wont, Sir,
To ſay, you could not live without the ſight of't.

Trum. Ay, 'twas a good one then.

Luc. Has one Day ſpoil'd it?

Trum. O yes, more than a hundred Years of time, made as much more by Sorrow, and by Sickneſs, could e'er a done.

Luc. Pray hear me, *Truman:*
For never innocent Maid was wrong'd as I am;

Believe

Believe what I ſhall ſay to you, and confirm
By all the holieſt Vows that can bind Souls.
Trum. I have believ'd thoſe Female Tricks too long;
I know thou canſt ſpeak winningly, but thy Words
Are not what Nature meant them, thy Mind's Picture;
I'll believe now what repreſents it better,
Thine own Hand, and the Proof of mine own Eyes.
Luc. I know not what you mean; believe my Tears:
Trum. They're idle empty Bubbles,
Rais'd by the Agitation of thy Paſſions,
And hollow as thy Heart; there is no Weight in 'em.
Go thou, once *Lucia*; Farewel,
Thou that wer't dearer to me once, than all
The outward things of all the World beſide,
Or my own Soul within me, farewel for ever;
Go to thine Husband, and love him better than
Thou didſt thy Lover.
I ne'er will ſee thee more, nor ſhall, I fear,
E'er ſee my ſelf again.
Luc. Hear me but once. [*Kneels.*
Trum. No, 'tis enough; Heav'n hear thee when thou kneel'ſt to it. [*Exit.*
Luc. Will he? He's gone; now all the World has left me,
And I am deſolately miſerable;
'Tis done unkindly, moſt unkindly, *Truman*.
Had a bleſs'd Angel come to me, and ſaid,
That thou wert ſa ſe, I ſhould have ſworn it ly'd,
And thought that rather fall'n than thee.
Go, dear, falſe Man, go ſeek out a new Miſtreſs;
But when you ha' talk'd, and lov'd, and vow'd, and ſworn,
A little while, take heed of uſing her
As you do me; no, may your Love to her
Be ſuch as mine to you, which all thy Injuries
Shall never change, nor Death it ſelf aboliſh.
May ſhe be worthier of your Bed than I,
And when the happy Courſe of many Years
Sha l make you appear old to all but her,
May you in the fair Glaſs of your freſh Iſſue
See your own Youth again; but I would have 'em
True in their Loves, and kill no innocent Maids;

For me it is no matter; when I'm dead,
My buſie Soul ſhall flutter ſtill about him,
'Twill not be elſe in Heaven; it ſhall watch
Over his Sleep, and drive away all Dreams
That come not with a ſoft and downy Wing;
If any Dangers threaten, it ſhall becken
And call his Spirit away, 'till they be paſt,
And be more diligent than his Guardian Angel;
And when juſt Heav'n, as I'm aſſur'd it will,
Shall clear my Honour and my Innocence,
He'll ſigh, I know, and pity my Misfortunes,
And blame himſelf, and curſe my falſe Accuſers,
And weep upon my Grave,
For my wrong'd Virtue, and miſtaken Truth,
And unjuſt Death, I aſk no more. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

'Twas barbarouſly done to leave her ſo;
Kneeling and weeping to me; 'twas inhuman;
I'll back and take my Leave more civilly,
So as befits one who was once her Worſhipper.
[*Goes over the Stage, and comes back.*
She's gone; why let her go; I feel her ſtill,
I feel the Root of her, labouring within
To ſprout afreſh, but I will pluck it up,
Or tear my Heart with it.

SCENE IV.

Enter Jolly, *and* Truman *Senior.*

Joll. He's there, Sir; pray let him now reſolve you, poſitively, what he means to do.

Trum. ſen. What he means to do, Colonel? that were fine.
I'faith: if he be my Son, he ſhall mean nothing;
Boys muſt not have their Meanings, Colonel;
Let him mean what I mean, with a Wennion.

Trum. jun. I ſhall be preſt, I ſee, by 'em, upon the hateful Subject of a Marriage;
And to fill up the Meaſure of Affliction,
Now I have loſt that which I lov'd, compell'd,
To take that which I hate.

Trum.

Trum. ſen. I will not be troubled, Colonel, with his Meanings, if he do not marry her this very Evening (for I'll ha' none of his Flim flams, and his May-be's) I'll ſend for my Son *Tom* from St. *John*'s College (he's a pretty Scholar I can tell you, Colonel, I have heard him ſyllogize it with Mr. *Soaker* in Mood and Figure) and ſettle my Eſtate upon him with her; if he have his Meanings too, and his Sympathies, I'll Diſinherit 'em both, and marry the Maid my ſe'f, if ſhe can like me, I have one Tooth yet left, Colonel, and that's a Colt's one.

Trum. jun. Did I ſubmit to loſe the ſight of *Lucia*,
Only to ſave my unfortunate Inheritance,
And can there be impos'd a harder Article
For me to boggle at?
Would I had been born ſome wretched Peaſant's Son,
And never known what Love or Riches were.
Ho——I'll marry her——Why ſhould I not?
If I
Muſt marry ſome body,
And hold my Eſtate by ſuch a ſlaviſh Tenure,
Why not her as well as any elſe?
All Women are alike, I ſee by *Lucia*,
'Tis but reſolving to be miſerable,
And that is reſolv'd for me by Deſtiny.

Joll. Well, try him pray, but do it kindly, Sir,
And artificially.

Trum. ſen. I warrant you; *Dick*, I'll ha' you marry Mrs. *Aurelia* to Night.

Trum. jun. To Night? The Warning's ſhort, Sir, and it may be——

Trum. ſen. Why look you, Colonel, he's at's old Lock, he's at's May-bees again.

Trum. jun. I know not, Sir——

Trum. ſen. Ay, and his Know nots, you ſhall have him at his Wo'nots preſently; Sirrah——I will have you know, Sir——

Joll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman*——you know not yet what Anſwer he intends to make you.

Trum. jun. Be pleas'd, Sir, to conſider——

Trum. ſen. Look you, Sir, I muſt conſider now, he upbraids his Father with the Want of Conſideration, like a Varlet as he is.

Trum.

Trum. jun. What ſhall I do? Why ſhould I not do any thing,
Since all things are indifferent?

Joll. I beſeech you, Mr. *Truman*, have but a little Patience——
Your Father, Sir, deſires to know——

Trum. ſen. I do not deſire him, Colonel, nor never will deſire him; I command him upon the Duty of a Child——

Joll. Whether you can diſpoſe your ſelf to love and marry my Daughter *Aurelia*; and if you can, for ſeveral Reaſons we deſire it may be preſently conſummated.

Trum. jun. Out with it, ſtubborn Tongue;——
I ſhall obey my Father, Sir, in all things.

Trum. ſen. Ha! What d'ye ſay, Sir?

Joll. This old teſty Fool is angry, I think, to have no more Occaſion given him of being ſo.

Trum jun. I ſhall obey you, Sir.

Joll. You ſpeak, Sir, like a virtuous Gentleman; the ſame Obedience and Reſignation to a Father's Will I found in my *Aurelia*, and where two ſuch Perſons meet, the Iſſue cannot chuſe but be ſucceſsful.

Trum. ſen. Ah *Dick*, my Son *Dick*, he was always the beſt natur'd Boy—he was like his Father in that—he makes me weep with Tenderneſs, like an old Fool as I am—Thou ſhalt have all my Eſtate, *Dick*, I'll put my ſelf to a Penſion rather than thou ſhalt want—Go ſpruce up thy ſelf preſently, thou are not merry i'faith, *Dick*, pr'ythee be merry, *Dick*, and fetch fine Mrs. *Aurelia* preſently to the little Church behind the Colonel's Garden; Mr. *Soaker* ſhall be there immediately, and wait for you at the Porch; (we'll have it inſtantly, Colonel, done, leſt the young Fool ſhould relapſe) Come, dear *Dick*, let's go cherily on with the Buſineſs.

Trum jun. What have I ſaid? What am I doing? The beſt is, it is no Matter what I ſay or do.

Joll. I'll ſee *Aurelia* ſhall be ready, and all things on my part, within this half Hour.

Trum. ſen. Good, honeſt, noble Colonel, let me ſhake you by the Hand. Come, dear *Dick*, we loſe time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, *a Boy.*

Cut. And the Viſion told me, Siſter *Tabitha*, that this ſame Day, the firſt of the ſeventh Month, in the Year of Grace, 1658, and of Revelation, and Confuſion of Carnal Monarchies the tenth, that we two, who are both holy Veſſels, ſhould by a holy Man, be join'd together in the holy Band of ſanctify'd Matrimony.

Tab. Ay, Brother *Abednego*; but our Friends Conſents——

Cut. Heav'n is our Friend, and, Siſter, Heav'n puts this in our Thoughts; it is, no doubt, for Propagation of the great Myſtery; there ſhall ariſe from our two Bodies a great Confounder of *Gogmagog*, who ſhall be called the Peſtle of Antichriſt, and his Children ſhall inherit the Grapes of *Canaan*.

Tab. My Mother will be angry, I'm afraid.

Cut. Your Mother will rejoice, the Viſion ſays ſo, Siſter, the Viſion ſays your Mother will rejoice; how will it rejoice her righteous Heart to ſee you *Tabitha*, riding behind me upon the Purple Dromedary? I would not for the World that you ſhould do it, but that we are commanded from above; for to do Things without the aforeſaid Command, is like unto the building of a Fire without the Bottom cake.

Tab. Ay, ay, that it is, he knows.

Cut. Now to confirm to you the Truth of this Viſion, there is to meet us at a zealous Shoemaker's Habitation hard by here, by the Command of a Viſion too, our Brother *Zephaniah Eats*, an Opener of Revelations to the Worthy in *Mary White-Chappel*, and he is the choſen Veſſel to join our Hands.

Tab. I would my Mother knew't; but if that holy Man come too by Viſion, I ſhall have Grace, I hope, not to reſiſt.

Cut. Siſter, let me ſpeak one Word of Inſtruction to yonder Babe.

Tab. Oh how my Bowels yern!

Cut. Sirrah, is my little Doctor already ſtaying for me at *Tom Underleather* my Shoemaker's Houſe?

Boy.

Boy. Yes, Sir, but he's in ſo ſtrange a Habit, that Mr. *Underleather*'s Boy *Frank*, and I, were ready to die with laughing at him.

Cut. Oh ſo much the better; go you little Piece of a Rogue, and get every thing ready againſt I come back. [*Exit Boy.*

Siſter, that Babe you ſaw me ſpeaking to, is predeſtinated to Spiritual Mightineſs, and is to be Reſtorer of the Myſtical Tribe of *Gad*——

Tab. Oh the Wonderous——But, Brother *Abednego*, will you not pronounce this Evening-tide before the Congregation of the Spotleſs in *Coleman-Street?*

Cut. The Will of the latter Viſion is to be fulfilled firſt, as a Preparatory Viſion; let us not make the Meſſenger of Myſtery, who is ſent by a Viſion ſo far as from *Mary White-Chappel* for our Sakes, to ſtay too long from his lawful Vocation of Baſket-making. Come, Siſter *Tabitha.*

Tab. Hei, ho! But I will not reſiſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Jolly, Puny, Worm.

Joll. Mr. *Puny*, ſince you threaten me, I tell you plainly I think my Neice has undone her ſelf by marrying thee; for tho' thou haſt a fair Eſtate at preſent, I'm hainouſly miſtaken if thou beeſt not cheated of it all within theſe three Years by ſuch Rabbet-ſuckers as theſe, that keep thee Company, and like lying Sons o' the Devil as they are, cry thee up for a Wit, when there's nothing ſo unlike, no not any of thy own Similitudes, thy odious Compariſons.

Pun. The Colonel's raging mad, like a Baker in the Suburbs, when his Oven's over-heated.

Wor. Good, very good i'faith.

Joll. Ay, that was one of 'em; as for her Portion, I thought to ha' given her a thouſand Pounds, but——

Pun. O magnanimous Colonel! What a Portion for a Tooth-pick-maker's Daughter!

Wor. Good, ſhoot him thick with Similes like Hail-ſhot.

Joll. But now thou ſhalt not have a Groat with her.

Pun. What not a poor old *Harry* Groat, that looks as thin as a Poet's Cloak? But however, my noble Mountain-

tain-hearted Uncle, I ha' made her Maiden-head a crack'd Groat already, and if I ha' nothing more from her, ſhe ſhall ha' nothing more from me; no, ſhe ſhall foot Stockings in a Stall for me, or make Children's Caps in a Garret fifteen Stories high.

Joll. For that matter (for though thou ſpeak'ſt no Senſe, I gueſs thy brutiſh Meaning) the Law will allow her honourable Alimony out o' your Foolſhip's Fortune.

Pun. And the Law will allow me her Portion too, good Colonel Uncle, you're not too big to be brought into *Weſtminſter-Hall*; nay, Captain, his Neice uſes me worſe too, ſhe will not let me touch the Nail of her little Finger, and rails at me like a Flounder-mouth'd Fiſh-woman with a Face like *Billingſgate*.

Joll. What Fleſh can ſupport ſuch an affected Widgeon, who has not a Deſign to cheat him of ſomething that that Vermin has? Well, I ſhall be able to Live now I hope as befits a Gentleman, and therefore I'll endure the Company of Fops and Knaves no longer.

Wor. Come, Colonel, let's go in, and diſpute the Difference conſcienciouſly over a Bottle o' Sack.

Joll. I keep no Tavern, *Worm*, or if I did, thy whole Eſtate would hardly reach to a Jill.

Wor. Colonel, thou art grown unkind, and art Drunk this Afternoon without me.

Joll. Without thee, Buffoon? Why I tell thee, thou ſhalt never ſhew that odd, pimping, cheating Face o' thine within my Doors again, I'll turn away any Man o' mine that ſhall diſparage himſelf to drink with ſuch a Fellow as thou art.

Wor. As I? Why what am I, pray? mighty Colonel!

Joll. Thou art or haſt been every thing that's ill, there is no ſcandalous way of Living, no Vocation of the Devil, that thou haſt not ſet up in at one time or other; Fortune has whipp'd thee about through all her Streets; thou'rt one that lives like a Raven, by Providence and Rapine; now thou'rt feeding upon that raw young Fellow, and doſt devour and knaw him; thou'rt one, that if thou ſhould'ſt by chance go to Bed ſober, would'ſt write it down in thy Almanack, for an unlucky Day; Sleep is not the Image of Death to thee, unleſs thou

thou beeſt dead drunk; thou art——I know not what——thou'rt any thing, and ſhalt be to me hereafter nothing.

Pun. This Colonel piſſes Vinegar to Day.

Wor. This is uncivil Language, Colonel, to an old Comrade, and one of your own Party.

Joll. My Comrade? O' my Party thou! Or any but the Party of the Pick purſes!

Pun. This bouncing Bear of a Colonel will break the Back of my little Whelp of a Captain, unleſs I take him off; come away Captain, I'll firk his Back with two Bum-bailiffs, 'till he ſpew up every Stiver of her Portion.

Joll. Fare-ye well, Gentlemen, come not near theſe Doors if you love your Leather, I'll ha' my Scullions batter you with Bones and Turnips, and the Maids drown you with Piſs-pots, if you do but approach the Windows; theſe are ſawcy Knaves indeed, to come to me for Pounds and Portions. [*Exit.*

Wor. Poverty, the Pox, an ill Wife, and the Devil go with thee, Colonel.

Pun. I vex'd him to the Gills, *Worm*, when I put that bitter Bob o' the Baker upon him.

Wor. Ay, Is't e'en ſo? Not come to your Houſe? By *Jove* I'll turn him out of it himſelf by a Trick that I have.

Pun. Piſh! Thou ta'k'ſt as ravingly as a Coſter-monger in a Fever.

Wor. I'll do't, by *Jove*.

Pun. How, pr'ythee, Captain? What does thy Pericranum mean?

Wor. Why here I ha't, by *Jove*; I'm raviſh'd with the Fancy of it; let me ſee——let me ſee—— his Brother went ſeven Years ago to *Guiney*——

Pun. Ay, but the Merchants ſay he's dead long ſince, and gone to the Blackamoors below.

Wor. The more Knaves they; he lives, and I'm the Man.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Thou ta'k'ſt like a ſowc'd Hog's Face.

Wor. I knew him very well, and am pretty like him, iker than any of your Similitudes, *Puny*; by long Converſation

Converſation with him, and the Colonel, I know all Paſſages betwixt 'em; and what his Humour and his Eſtate was, much better than he himſelf, when he was alive; he was a ſtranger thing than any Monſter in *Africk* where he traded.

Pun. How, pr'ythee, Captain? I love theſe old fantaſtical Things as an Alderman loves Lobſters.

Wor. Why, you muſt know, he had quite loſt his Memory, totally, and yet thought himſelf an able Man for Buſineſs, and that he did himſelf all that was done by his Man *John*, who went always along with him; like a Dog with a blind Man.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Sublimely fantaſtical.

Wor. He carry'd a Scrowl about him of Memorandums, even of his Daughter's and his Brother's Names, and where his Houſe ſtood; for as I told you, he remember'd nothing; and when his Scrowl failed, *John* was his Remembrancer, we were wont to call him Remembrancer *John*.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Rarely exotick; I'll act that Apple *John*, never was ſuch a *John* as I; not *John* o' *Gant*, or *John* o' *Nokes*, I will turn Remembrancer *John*, as round as a Wedding-Ring, ha, ha, ha!

Wor. Well ſaid! But you muſt lay aſide Conceits for a while, and remote Fancies. I'll teach you his Humour inſtantly, now will I and my Man *John* ſwarthy our Faces over as if that Country's Heat had made 'em ſo, (which will diſguiſe us ſufficiently) and attire our ſelves in ſome ſtrange Habits o' thoſe Parts (I know not how yet, but we ſhall ſee it in *Speed*'s Maps) and come and take Poſſeſſion of our Houſe and Eſtate.

Pun. Dear *Ovid*, let's about thy Metamorphoſis.

Wor. 'Twill be diſcover'd perhaps at laſt, but, however, for the preſent 'twill break off his Match with the Widow (which makes him ſo proud now) and therefore it muſt be done in the twinkling of an Eye, for they ſay he's to marry her this Night; if all fail, 'twill be at leaſt a merry Bout for an Hour, and a Maſk to the Wedding.

Pun. Quick, dear Rogue! quick as Precipitation.

Wor. I know where we can ha' Cloaths hard by here; give me ten Pounds to hire 'em, and come away; but of all things, Man *John*, take heed of being witty.

Pun. Ay, that's the Devil on't: Well, go, I'll follow you behind like a long Rapier. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. If they would allow me but a little Time, I could play ſuch a Trick with Mr. *Truman*, as he ſhould ſmart ſorely for the reſt of his Life, and be reveng'd abundantly on my Couſin for getting of him from me, when I was ſuch a fooliſh Girl three Years ago, as to be in Love with him.
But they would have us marry'd inſtantly.
The Parſon ſtays for us at Church. I know not what to do——all muſt out——Ods my Life he's coming to fetch me here to Church already.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Truman *Junior.*

Trum. jun. I muſt go through with it now;
I'll marry her,
And live with her according to the Forms,
But I will never touch her as a Woman.
She ſtays for me——Madam——

Aur. Sir.

Trum. jun. I cannot out with it——Madam.

Aur. Sir——

Trum. jun. Muſt we go marry, Madam?

Aur. Our Friends will have it ſo, it ſeems.

Trum. jun. Why will you marry me? What is there in me
That can deſerve your Liking? I ſhall be
The moſt untoward and ill-favour'd Huſband
That ever took a melting Maid t' his Bed;
The Faculties of my Soul are all untun'd,
And ev'ry Glory of my ſpringing Youth
Is fall'n into a ſtrange and ſudden Winter.
You cannot love me ſure.

Aur. Not to Diſtraction, Sir.

Trum. jun. No, nor I you; why ſhould we marry then?
It were a Folly, were it not, *Aurelia?*

Aur.

Aur. Why they ſay, 'tis the beſt Marriage, when like is join'd to like; now we ſhall make a very even Match, for neither you love me, nor I love you, and 'tis to be hop'd we may get Children that will love neither of us.

Trum. jun Nay, by my Soul, I love you, but alas,
Not in that way that Huſbands ſhould their Wives;
I cannot toy, nor kiſs, nor do I know not what,
And yet I was a Lover, as true a Lover——

Aur. Alack a day!

Trum. jun. 'Twas then (methoughts) the only Happineſs
To ſit and talk, and look upon my Miſtreſs,
Or if ſhe was not by, to think upon her;
Then ev'ry Morning, next to my Devotion,
Nay often too (forgive me Heav'n) before it,
She ſlipp'd into my Fancy, and I took it
As a good Omen for the following Day;
It was a pretty fooliſh kind of Life,
An honeſt, harmleſs Vanity; but now
The faireſt Face moves me no more, than Snow;
Or Lillies when I ſee 'em, and paſs by;
And I as ſoon ſhould deeply fall in Love
With the freſh Scarlet of an Eaſtern Cloud,
As the red Lips and Cheeks of any Woman.
I do confeſs, *Aurelia*, thou art Fair,
And very Witty, and (I think) Well-natur'd,
But thou'rt a Woman ſtill.

Aur. The Sight of you, Sir,
Makes me not repent at all my being ſo.

Trum. jun. And pr'ythee now, *Aurelia*, tell me truly,
Are any Women conſtant in their Vows?
Can they continue a whole Month, a Week,
And never change their Faith? Oh! if they could,
They would be excellent Things; nay, ne'er diſſemble;
Are not their Luſts unruly, and to them
Such Tyrants as their Beauties are to us?
Are their Tears true, and ſolid when they weep?

Aur. Sure, Mr *Truman*, you ha'nt ſlept of late;
If we ſhould be marry'd to Night, what would you do for Sleep?

Trum. jun. Why? do not marry'd People ſleep o' Nights?

Aur. Yes! yes! Alas, good Innocence.

Trum. jun. They have a ſcurvy Life on't, if they don't;
But we'll not live as other People do.
We'll find out ſome new handſome way of Love,
Some way of Love that few ſhall imitate,
Yet all admire; for 'tis a ſordid thing,
That Luſt ſhould dare t' inſinuate it ſelf
Into the Marriage Bed; we'll get no Children,
The worſt of Men and Women can do that;
Beſides too, if our Iſſue ſhould be Female,
They would all learn to flatter and diſſemble,
They would deceive with Promiſes and Vows
Some ſimple Men, and then prove falſe, and kill 'em.
Wou'd they not do't, *Aurelia?*

Aur. Ay, any thing, Mr. *Truman*; but what ſhall we do, Sir, when we're marry'd, pray?

Trum. jun. Why! we'll live very lovingly together,
Sometimes we'll ſit and talk of excellent Things,
And laugh at the Nonſenſe of the World,
Sometimes we'll walk together,
Sometimes we'll read, and ſometimes eat, and ſometimes ſleep,
And ſometimes pray; and then at laſt we'll die,
And go to Heav'n together; 'twill be rare!

Aur. We may do all this (methinks) and never marry for the matter.

Trum. jun. 'Tis true, we may ſo!
But ſince our Parents are reſolv'd upon it,
In ſuch a Circumſtance let 'em have their Humour.
My Father ſent me in to compliment,
And keep a prating here, and play the Fool;
I cannot do't; what ſhould I ſay, *Aurelia?*
What do they uſe to ſay?

Aur. I believe you knew, Sir, when you woo'd my Couſin.

Trum. jun. Ay, but thoſe Days are paſt; they're gone for ever,
And nothing elſe but Nights are to ſucceed 'em;
Gone like the Faith and Truth of Women kind,
And never to be ſeen again! O *Lucia!*
Thou waſt a wondrous Angel in thoſe Days

Of

Of thy bleſt State of Innocence.
There was a Cheek! A Forehead! And an Eye! ——
Did you obſerve her Eye, *Aurelia*?

Aur. O yes, Sir! there were pretty Babbies in't.

Trum. jun. It was as glorious as the Eye of Heav'n;
Like the Soul's Eye it pierc'd through ev'ry thing;
And then her Hands——her Hands of liquid Ivory!
Did ſhe but touch her Lute (the pleaſing'ſt Harmony
Then upon Earth, when ſhe herſelf was ſilent)
The ſubtile Motion of her flying Fingers
Taught Muſick a new Art, to take the Sight as well as Ear.

Aur. Ay, Sir, ay! you'd beſt go look her out, and marry her, ſhe has but one Huſband yet.

Trum. jun. Nay, pr'ythee, good *Aurelia*, be not angry,
For I will never love, or ſee her more.
I do not ſay ſhe was more Fair than thou art,
Yet if I did——No, but I wo'not ſay ſo;
Only allow me this one ſhort laſt Remembrance of one I lov'd ſo long. And now I think on't, I'll beg a Favour of you, you will laugh at me I know, when you have heard it, but pr'ythee grant it; 'tis that you would be veil'd, as *Lucia* was of late, for this one Day; I would fain marry thee ſo;
'Tis an odd fooliſh Fancy, I confeſs.
But Love and Grief may be allow'd ſometimes
A little innocent Folly.

Aur. Good! This Fool will help me, I ſee, to cheat himſelf;
At a dead Lift, a little Hint will ſerve me.
I'll do it for him to the Life.

Trum. jun Will you, *Aurelia*?

Aur. That's but a ſmall Compliance; you'll ha' Power anon to command me greater Things.

Trum. jun. We ſhall be marry'd very privately;
None but our ſelves; and that's e'en beſt, *Aurelia*.
Why do I ſtick here at a fatal Step
That muſt be made? *Aurelia*, are you ready?
The Miniſter ſtays for us.

Aur. I'll but go in and take my Veil, as you command me, Sir;

Walk but a few Turns in the Garden, in leſs that half an Hour I'll come to you; ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Trum. jun. I go, I am condemn'd, and muſt obey; The Executioner ſtays for me at Church. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Colonel Jolly, *and* Will.

Joll. SO, I have her at laſt, and honeſt *Joſeph Knock down* marry'd us, methinks, with convenient Brevity; I have ſome hold now upon my Eſtate again; (tho' ſhe, I confeſs, be a Clog upon it worſe than a Mortgage) that, my good Neighbour *Barebottle* left wholly to his Wife; almoſt all the reſt of the Incomes upon his ſeeking, go to his Daughter *Tabitha*, whom *Cutter* has got by this time, and promiſes me to live like an honeſt Gentleman hereafter; now he may do ſo comfortably and merrily. She marry'd me thus ſuddenly, like a good Huſwife, purely to ſave Charges; however tho' we'll have a good Supper for her, and her eating Tribe; *Will*, is the Cook doing according to my Directions?

Will. Yes, Sir, he's very hard at his Buſineſs; he's ſwearing and curſing in the Kitchen, that your Worſhip may hear him hither; he'll fright my new old Miſtreſs out of the Houſe.

Joll. 'Tis ſuch an over-roaſted Coxcomb——Bid him be ſure to ſeaſon well the Veniſon that came in luckily to Day.

Will. Troth, Sir, I dare not ſpeak to him now, unleſs I ſhould put on your Worſhip's Armour that lyes hid in the Barrel below; he'd like to have ſpitted me juſt now, like a Gooſe as I was, for telling him he look'd like the Ox that's roaſted whole in St. *James*'s Fair. Who's there?

Joll. See who's at Door. I ſhall ha' ſome plunder'd Plate, I hope, to entertain my Friends with, when we come to viſit the Trunks with Iron-hoops; Who is't?

Will. Nay, Heav'n knows, Sir; two Fiends, I think, to take away the Cook for ſwearing. They ha' thruſt in after me.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Worm *and* Puny, *diſguiſed like the Merchant and* John.

Worm. They'll hardly know us at firſt in theſe foreign Habits.

Pun. Ay, Sir, and as the Sun has us'd us in thoſe hot Countries.

Wor. Why, this is my old Houſe here, *John*; ha, ha! Little thought I to ſee my old Houſe upon *Tower-Hill* again. Where's my Brother *Jolly*?

Joll. They call me Colonel *Jolly*.

Wor. Ha! let me ſee, [*Looks on his Nate. A burly Man of a moderate Stature.*—*A Beard a little greyiſh*—Ha! *A quick Eye, and a Noſe inclining to Red*—

Pun. Nay, 'tis my Maſter's Worſhip, Sir, would we were no more alter'd ſince our Travels.

Wor. It agrees very well—Save you, good Brother, you little thought to ſee me here again, tho' I dare ſay you wiſh'd it; ſhay, let me ſee, how many Years, *John*, ſince we went from hence?

Pun. 'Tis now ſeven Years, Sir.

Wor. Seven? Methinks I was here but Yeſterday, how the what de-ye call it runs? How do you call it?

Pun. The Time, Sir.

Wor. Ay, ay, the time *John*; what was I ſaying? I was telling you, Brother, that I had quite forgot you; was I not telling him ſo, *John*?

Joll. Faith, we're both quits then; I'll ſwear I ha' forgot you: why you were dead five Years ago.

Wor. Was I? I ha' quite forgot it; *John*, was I dead five Years ago? My Memory fails me very much of late.

Pun. We were worſe than dead, Sir; we were taken by a barbarous Nation, and there made Slaves; *John*, quoth he? I was poor *John* I'm ſure; they kept us three whole Years with nothing but Water and Acorns, 'till we look'd like Wicker-bottles.

Wor. What, Sirrah, did your Maſter look like? I'll teach you to ſay your Maſter look'd like what de-ye-call-'ums.

Joll. Where did they take you Priſoners?

Wor.

Wor. Nay, ask *John*, he can tell you I warrant you; 'twas in——tell him, *John*, where it was.

Pun. In *Guiney*.

Joll. By what Countrymen were you taken?

Wor. Why they were called——I ha' forgot what they call 'em, 'twas an odd kind o' Name, but *John* can tell you.

Pun. Who I, Sir? Do you think I can remember all Things?

Wor. 'Tis i' my Book here I remember well. Name any Nation under the Sun.

Pun. I know the Name, Sir, well enough; but I only try'd my Master's Memory, 'twas the *Tartarians*

Wor. Ay, ay, those were the Men.

Joll. How *John?* Why all the World, Man, lyes betwixt 'em, they live up in the North.

Pun. The North?

Joll. Ay, the very North, *John*.

Pun. That's true indeed, but these were another Nation of *Tartarians* that liv'd in the South, they came anciently from the others.

Joll. How got you from 'em, *John*, at last?

Pun. Why, faith, Sir, by a Lady's means, who, to tell you the Truth, fell in Love with me; my Master has it all in his Book, 'tis a brave Story.

Joll. In what Ship came you back?

Pun. A Plague of't, that Question will be our Ruin.

Wor. What Ship? 'Twas call'd a Thing that swims, what d'ye call it?

Joll. The *Mermaid?*

Wor. No, no, let me see.

Joll. The *Triton?*

Wor. No, no, a Thing that in the Water does—— It swims in the Water——

Joll. What is't? The *Dolphin?*

Wor. No, no, I ha' quite forgot the Name on't, but 'tis no matter, it swims——

Joll. What say you, *John?*

Pun. Ay, Sir, my Master knows well enough: you can't conceive the Misery we endur'd, Sir.

Joll. Well, Brother, I'll but ask you one Question more; where did you leave your Will?

Pun.

Pun. 'S'Life, now he's pos'd again——We ſhall never carry't through.

Wor. I'll tell you preſently, Brother——let me ſee; *Memorandums about my Will*; [Reads in his Scrowl. *left to my Brother the whole Charge of my Eſtate* —— hum——hum——*five thouſand Pounds*——hum——What did you aſk me, Brother?

Joll. In what Place you left your Will?

Wor. Ay, that was it indeed ——that was the very thing you aſk'd me; what a treacherous Memory have I? My Memory is ſo ſhort——.

Joll. This is no Anſwer to my Queſtion yet.

Wor. 'Tis true indeed; what was your Queſtion, Brother?

Joll. Where you left your Will?

Wor. Good Lord, that I ſhould forget you aſk'd me that! I had forgot it, i'faith, Law that I had, you'll pardon, I hope, my Infirmity, for I alas——alas——I ha' forgot what I was going to ſay to you, but I was ſaying ſomething, that I was.

Joll. Well, Gentlemen, I'm now in haſte, walk but a while into that Parlour there, I'll come to you preſently.

Wor. But where's my Daughter——

Pun. *Lucia*, Sir?

Wor. Ay, *Lucia*——Put me in mind to aſk for her (a plague o' your *Tartarians*.)

Pun. And o' your What-dee ye-call-'ems.

Wor. 'Life, *Tartarians*. [*Exeunt* Worm, Puny.

Joll. If theſe be Rogues, (as Rogues they ſeem to be) I will ſo exerciſe my Rogues, the Tyranny of a new Beadle over a Beggar ſhall be nothing to't; what think'ſt thou of 'em, *Will?*

Will. Faith, Sir, I know not——ha's juſt my Maſter's Noſe and upper Lip; but if you think it be not he, Sir, I'll beat 'em worſe than the *Tartarians* did.

Joll. No, let's try 'em firſt——Trick for Trick—— Thou wert wont to be a precious Knave, and a great Actor too, a very *Roſcius*; didſt not thou play once the Clown in *Muſidorus?*

Will. No, but I play'd the Bear, Sir;

Will.

Joll. The Bear! why that's as good a Part; thou'rt an Actor then I'il warrant thee, the Bear's a well-penn'd Part, and you remember my Brother's Humour, don't you? They have almoſt hit it.

Will. Ay, Sir, I knew the Shortneſs of his Memory, he would always forget to pay me my Wages, 'till he was put in mind of't.

Joll. Well ſaid, I'll dreſs thee within, and all the Servants ſhall acknowledge thee; you conceive the Deſign——be confident, and thou canſt not miſs; but who ſhall do truſty *John?*

Will Oh, *Ralph* the Butler, Sir, 's an excellent try'd Actor, he play'd a King once; I ha' heard him ſpeak a Play *ex tempore* in the Butteries.

Joll. O excellent *Ralph!* Incomparable *Ralph*, againſt the World! Come away, *William*, I'll give you Inſtructions within, it muſt be done in a Moment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, *and* Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! This is the beſt Plot o' yours, dear Madam, to marry me to Mr. *Truman* in a Veil inſtead of your ſelf; I can't chuſe but laugh at the very Conceit of't; 'twill make excellent Sport: My Miſtreſs will be ſo mad when ſhe knows that I have got her Servant from her, ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Well, are you ready? Veil your ſelf all over, and never ſpeak one Word to him, whatever he ſays (he'll ha' no Mind to talk much) but give him your Hand, and go along with him to Church; and when you come to, *I take thee*——mumble it over that he mayn't diſtinguiſh the Voice.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! I can't ſpeak for laughing——Dear, Honey, Madam, let me but go in and put on a Couple o' Patches; you can't imagine how much prettier I look with a Lozenge under the left Eye, and a Half-Moon o' this Cheek, and then I'll but ſlip on the Silver lac'd Shoes that you gave me, and be with him in a trice.

Aur. Don't ſtay; he's a fantaſtical Fellow, if the Whimſey take him, he'll be gone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. They ſay he's to paſs inſtantly this way,
To lead his Bride to Church; ingrateful Man!
I'll ſtand here to upbraid his guilty Conſcience,
And in that black Attire in which he ſaw me,
When he ſpoke the laſt kind Words to me;
'Twill now befit my Sorrows, and the Widowhood of my Love.
He comes alone, what can that mean?

SCENE V.

Enter Truman *Junior*.

Trum. jun Come, Madam, the Prieſt ſtays for us too long;
I aſk your Pardon for my dull Delay,
And am aſham'd of't.

Luc. What does he mean? I'll go with him whate'er it mean. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, *and Boy.*

Cut. Come to my Bed, my Dear, my Dear, [*Sings.*
My dear come to my Bed;
For the pleaſant Pain, and the Loſs with Gain,
Is the Loſs of a Maiden-head.
For the pleaſant, *&c.*

Tab. Is that a Pſalm, Brother Huſband, which you ſing?

Cut. No, Siſter Wife, a ſhort Ejaculation only.
[*Boy brings a Hat and Feather, Sword and Belt, broad lac'd Band and Peruke.*
Well ſaid, Boy, bring in the Things——

Tab. What do you mean, Brother *Abednego?* You will not turn Cavalier, I hope, again; you will not open before *Sion*, in the Dreſſings of *Babylon?*

Cut. What, do theſe Cloaths befit Queen *Tabitha*'s Huſband upon her Day of Nuptials? This Hat, with a high black Chimney for a Crown, and a Brim no broader than a Hat band? Shall I, who am to ride the Purple Dromedary, go dreſs'd like *Revelation Fats*, the Baſket-maker?

maker? Give me the Peruke, Boy; ſhall Empreſs *Tabitha*'s Huſband go as if his Head were ſcalded? Or wear the Seam of a Shirt here for a Band? Shall I, who am zealous even to ſlaying, walk in the Streets without a Sword, and not dare to thruſt Men from the Wall, if any ſhall preſume to take't of Empreſs *Tabitha?* Are the Fidlers come, Boy?

Tab. Piſh, I cannot abide theſe doings; are you mad? There come no prophane Fidlers here.

Cut. Be peaceable, gentle *Tabitha*; they will not bring the Organs with them hither; I ſay be peaceable, and conform to Revelations; It was the Viſion bid me do this; wilt thou reſiſt the Viſion?

Tab. An' theſe be your Viſions! Little did I think I wuſſe——O what ſhall I do? Is this your Converſion? Which of all the Prophets wore ſuch a Map without their Ears, or ſuch a Sheet about their Necks? Oh, my Mother! What ſhall I do? I'm undone.

Cut. What ſhalt thou do? Why, thou ſhalt dance, and ſing, and drink, and be merry; thou ſhalt go with thy Hair curl'd, and thy Breaſts open; thou ſhalt wear fine black Stars upon thy Face, and Bobs in thy Ears bigger than bouncing Pears; nay, if thou doſt begin to look ruſtily——I'll ha' thee paint thy ſelf, like the Whore of *Babylon.*

Tab. Oh! that ever I was born to ſee this Day——

Cut. What, doſt thou weep, Queen *Dido?* Thou ſhalt ha' Sack to drive away thy Sorrows: Bring the Bottle, Boy; I'll be a loving Husband, the Viſion muſt be obey'd: Sing, *Tabitha*; Weep o' thy Wedding Day! 'Tis ominous.

Come to my Bed, my Dear, *&c.*

Oh, art thou come, Boy? Fill a Brimmer, nay fuller yet, yet a little fuller! Here, Lady Spouſe, here's to our Sport at Night.

Tab. Drink it your ſelf, an' you will; I'll not touch it, not I.

Cut. By this Hand thou ſhalt pledge me, ſeeing the Viſion ſaid ſo! drink, or I'll take a Coach, and carry thee to the *Opera* immediately.

Tab. O Lord, I can't abide it. [*Drinks off.*

Cut.

Cut. Why, this will chear thy Heart; Sack, and a Huſband? Both comfortable Things. Have at you again.

Tab. I'll pledge you no more, not I.

Cut. Here take the Glaſs, and take it off—off every Drop, or I'll ſwear a hundred Oaths in a breathing time.

Tab. Well! you're the ſtrangeſt Man—— [*Drinks.*

Cut. Why, this is right; nay, off with't; ſo——but the Viſion ſaid, that if we left our Drink behind us, we ſhould be hang'd as many other honeſt Men ha' been only by a little Negligence in the like caſe: Here's to you, *Tabitha*, once again; we muſt fulfil the Viſion to a Tittle.

Tab. What, muſt I drink again? well! you are ſuch another Brother——Huſband.

Cut. Bravely done, *Tabitha!* Now thou obey'ſt the Viſion, thou wilt ha' Revelations preſently.

Tab. Oh! Lord! my Head's giddy—Nay, Brother, Huſband, the Boy's taking away the Bottle, and there's another Glaſs or two in it ſtill.

Cut. O villainous Boy! Fill out, you Baſtard, and ſqueeze out the laſt Drop.

Tab. I'll drink to you now, my Dear, 'tis not handſome for you to begin always—— [*Drinks.* Come to my Bed, my Dear, and how waſt? 'Twas a pretty Song, methoughts.

Cut. O Divine *Tabitha!* Here come the Fidlers too, ſtrike up ye Rogues.

Tab. What, muſt we dance too? Is that the Faſhion? I could ha' danc'd the Curranto when I was a Girl, the Curranto's a curious Dance.

Cut. We'll out-dance the dancing Diſeaſe; but, *Tabitha*, there's one poor Health left ſtill to be drunk with Muſick.

Tab. Let me begin't: Here, Duck, here's to all that love us. [*Drinks.*

Cut. A Health, ye Eternal Scrapers, ſound a Health; rarely done, *Tabitha*; what think'ſt thou now o' thy Mother?

Tab. A Fig for my Mother; I'll be a Mother my ſelf ſhortly: Come, Duckling, ſhall we go home?

Cut. Go home? The Bridegroom and his Spouſe go home? No, we'll dance home; afore us, Squeakers, that Way, and be hang'd, you Sempiternal Rakers. O

brave Queen *Tabitha*! Excellent Empreſs *Tabitha*! On ye Rogues. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Jolly, Worm, *and* Puny.

Wor. But where's my what d'ye call her, Brother?

Joll. What, Sir?

Wor. [*Reads.*] My Daughter *Lucia*, a pretty fair-complexion'd Girl, with a black Eye, a round Chin, a little dimp'ed, and a Mole upon——I would fain ſee my Daughter——Brother.

Joll. Why, you ſhall, Sir, preſently, ſhe's very well: What Noiſe is this? How now? What's the matter?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ho! my old Maſter! my old Maſter's come, he's lighted juſt now at the Door with his Man *John*; he's aſking for you, he longs to ſee you; my Maſter, my old Maſter!

Joll. This Fellow's mad.

Serv. If you won't believe me, go but in and ſee, Sir; he's not ſo much alter'd, you'll quickly know him, I knew him before he was lighted; pray go in, Sir.

Joll. Why, this is ſtrange——There was indeed ſome Weeks ſince a Report at the *Exchange* that he was alive ſtill, which was brought by a Ship that came from *Barbary*; but that he ſhould be ſplit in two after his Death, and live again in both, is wonderful to me. I'll go ſee what's the matter. [*Exeunt* Jolly, *and* Servant.

Pun. I begin to ſhake like a Plum-tree Leaf.

Wor. 'Tis a meer Plot o' the Devil's to have us beaten, if he ſend him in juſt at this Nick.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Ralph *(as* John*) and two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* An Rogue, art thou come at laſt?

2 *Serv.* Why, you'll not look upon your old Friends! Give me your Golls, *John.*

Ral. Thank ye all heartily for your Love; thank you with all my Heart; my old Bed-fellow, *Robin*, and how does little *Ginny* do?

3 *Serv.*

3 *Serv.* A murrain take you, you'll ne'er leave your Wiggery.

Pun. A murrain take ye all, I ſhall be paid the Portion here with a Witneſs.

Ral. And how does *Ralph?* good honeſt *Ralph*, there is not an honeſter Fellow in *Chriſtendom*, tho' I ſay't my ſelf, that ſhould not ſay't.

2 *Serv.* Ha, ha, ha! Why *Ralph*, the Rogue's well ſtill; come, let's go to him into the Buttery, he'll be over joy'd to ſee thee, and give us a Cup o' the beſt Stingo there.

Ral. Well ſaid; Steel to the Back ſtill, *Robin*; that was your Word, you know: My Maſter's coming in! Go, go, I'll follow you.

1 *Serv.* Make haſte, good *John*.

Ral. Here's a Company of as honeſt Fellow-Servants; I'm glad I'm come among 'em again.

Wor. And would I were got out from 'em, as honeſt as they are; that *Robin* has a thraſhing Hand.

Pun. John, with a Pox to him! would I were hid like a Maggot in a Peſcod.

SCENE IX.

Enter Jolly, *and* William.

Joll. Methinks you're not return'd, but born to us anew.

Will. Thank you, good Brother; truly we ha' paſs'd through many Dangers; my Man *John* ſhall tell you all, I'm old and crazy.

Enter Servant.

4 *Serv.* Sir, the Widow (my Miſtreſs I ſhould ſay) is coming in here with Mr. *Knock-down*, and four or five more.

Joll. 'Ods my Life! This Farce is neither of Doctrine, nor Uſe to them! Keep 'em here, *John*, 'till I come back. [*Exit* Jolly.

Wor. I'm glad the Colonel's gone; now will I ſneak away, as if I had ſtol'n a Silver Spoon.

Will. Who are thoſe, *John?* By your Leave, Sir, would you ſpeak to any body here?

Wor The Colonel, Sir; but I'll take ſome other Time to wait upon him, my Occaſions call me now.

Will. Pray ſtay, Sir, who did you ſay you would ha' ſpoken with?

Wor. The Colonel, Sir; but another Time will ſerve; he has Buſineſs now.

Will. Whom would he ſpeak with, *John*? I forget ſtill.

Ral. The Colonel, Sir.

Will. Colonel! What Colonel?

Wor. Your Brother, I ſuppoſe he is, Sir; but another Time———

Will. 'Tis true indeed; I had forgot, i'faith, my Brother was a Colonel; I cry your Mercy, Sir, he'll be here preſently. Ye ſeem to be Foreigners by your Habits, Gentlemen.

Wor. No, Sir, we are *Engliſhmen.*

Will. Engliſhmen? Law you there now! would you ha' ſpoke with me, Sir?

Wor. No, Sir, your Brother; but my Buſineſs requires no haſte, and therefore——

Will. You're not in haſte, you ſay; pray, Sir, ſit down then; may I crave your Name, Sir?

Wor. My Name's not worth the knowing, Sir.

Will. This Gentleman?

Wor. 'Tis my Man, Sir, his Name's *John.*

Pun. I'll be *John* no more, not I, I'll be Jackanapes firſt: No, my Name's *Timothy*, Sir.

Will. Mr. *John Timothy*, very well, Sir; ye ſeem to be Travellers.

Wor. We are juſt now, as you ſee, arriv'd out of *Africk*, Sir, and therefore have ſome Buſineſs that requires——

Will. Of *Africk?* Law you there now; what Country, pray?

Wor. Preſter John's Country; fare ye well, Sir, you the preſent, I muſt be excus'd.

Will. Marry God forbid; what, come from *Preſter-John*, and we not drink a Cup o' Sack together?

Wor. What ſhall I do? Friend, ſhall I trouble you to ſhew me a private Place? I'll wait upon you preſently again, Sir.

Will. You'll ſtay here, Maſter?——

Pun.

Pun. I'll only make a little Maid's Water, Sir, and come back to you immediately.

Ral. The Door's lock'd, Sir, the Colonel has lock'd us in here——Why do you ſhake, Sir?

Pun. Nothing———Only I have extream liſt to make Water.

Here's the Colonel, I'll ſneak behind the Hangings.

SCENE X.

Enter Jolly, *and* Widow.

Joll. We'll leave thoſe Gentlemen within a while upon the Point of Reprobation; but, Sweet-Heart, I ha' two Brothers here, newly arriv'd, which you muſt be acquainted with.

Wid. Marry, Heav'n fore-ſhield! not the Merchant, I hope?

Joll. No, Brethren in Love, only——— How do ye Brother?

Wor. I your Brother; what d'ye mean?

Joll. Why, art not thou my Brother *Jolly*, that was taken Priſoner by the Southern *Tartars?*

Wor. I Brother, I by *Tartars?*

Joll. What an impudent Slave is this? Sirrah, Monſter, didſt thou not come with thy Man *John?*

Wor. I, my Man *John?* Here's no ſuch Perſon here; you ſee you're miſtaken.

Joll. Sirrah, I'll ſtrike thee dead.

Wor. Hold, hold, Sir, I do remember now I was the Merchant *Jolly*, but when you aſk'd me, I had quite forgot it; alas, I'm very craſie.

Joll. That's not amiſs; but ſince thou art not he, I muſt know who thou art.

Wor. Why, don't you know me? I'm Captain *Worm*, and *Puny* was my Man *John.*

Joll. Where's that Fool *Puny?* Is he ſlipt away?

Pun. Yes, and no Fool for't neither, for ought I know yet.

Wor. Why, we hit upon this Frolick, Colonel, only for a kind o' Maſk (d'ye conceive me, Colonel?) to celebrate your Nuptials; Mr. *Puny* had a Mind to reconcile himſelf with you in a merry way o' Drollery,

and ſo had I too, tho' I hope you were not in earneſt with me.

Joll. Oh! Is that all? Well ſaid *Will*, bravely done *Will*, i'faith; I told thee, *Will*, what 'twas to have acted a Bear; and *Ralph* was an excellent *John* too.

Wor. How's this? Then I'm an Aſs again; this damn'd *Puny*'s Fearfulneſs ſpoil'd all.

Pun. This curſed Coward *Worm!* I thought they were not the right ones.

Joll. Here's ſomething for you to drink; go look to Supper, this is your Cue of Exit.

[*Exit* Will *and* Ralph.

Wid. What need you, Love, ha' given 'em any thing? in truth, Love, you're too laviſh.

Wor. 'Twas wittily put off o' me however.

SCENE XI.

Enter Cutter, *and* Tabitha, *with Fidlers.*

Joll. Here are more Maſkers too, I think; this Maſking is a Heav'nly Entertainment for the Widow, who ne'er ſaw any Shew yet but the Puppet-play o' *Ninive*.

Cut. Stay without, Scrapers.

Tab. Oh Lord, I'm as weary with dancing as paſſes; Huſband, Huſband, yonder's my Mother. O Mother, what do you think I ha' been doing to Day?

Wid. Why, what, Child? No hurt, I hope.

Tab. Nay, nothing, I have only been marry'd a little, and my Huſband *Abednego* and I have ſo danc'd it ſince.

Cut. Brave *Tabitha* ſtill; never be angry, Mother, you know where Marriages are made; your Daughter's and your own were made in the ſame Place, I warrant you, they're ſo like.

Wid. Well, his Will be done——There's——no reſiſting Providence.——But how, Son *Abednego*, come you into that roaring Habit of Perdition?

Cut. Mother, I was commanded by the Viſion, there is ſome great End for it of Edification, which you ſhall know by the Sequel.

SCENE XII.

Enter Truman *Senior*, Truman *Junior*, Lucia *veil'd.*

Tru. ſen. Come, *Dick*, bring in your Wife to your Mother Father, and aſk him Bleſſing handſomely; Welcome

come, dear Daughter; off with your Veil;

[Lucia *unveils.*

Heav'n bleſs you both.

Joll. Ha! what's this? more Maſking? Why how now, Mr. *Truman?* You ha' not marry'd my Neice, I hope, inſtead o' my Daughter?

Trum jun. I only did, Sir, as I was appointed, and am amaz'd as much as you.

Trum. ſen. Villain, Rebel, Traitor, out o' my Sight, you Son of a ———

Joll. Nay, hold him; Patience, good Mr *Truman*, let's underſtand the Matter a little——

Trum. ſen. I wo'not underſtand, no that I wo'not, I wo'not underſtand a Word, whilſt he and his Whore are in my Sight.

Joll Nay, good Sir ———

Why, What Neice? Two Husbands in one Afternoon? That's too much o' Conſcience.

Luc. Two, Sir? I know of none but this,
And how I came by him too, that I know not.

Joll. This is Riddle me, Riddle me——Where's my Daughter? Ho! *Aurelia.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Here, Sir, I was juſt coming in.

Joll. Ha' not you marry'd young *Truman*?

Aur. No, Sir.

Joll. Why, who then has he marry'd?

Aur. Nay that, Sir, he may anſwer for himſelf, if he be of Age to marry.

Joll. But did not you promiſe me you'd marry him this Afternoon? and go to Church with him preſently to do't.

Aur. But, Sir, my Husband forbad the Banes.

Joll. They're all mad: Your Husband?

Aur. Ay, Sir; the Truth o' the Matter, Sir, is this, (for it muſt out I ſee) 'twas I that was marry'd this Afternoon in the Matted Chamber to Mr. *Puny*, inſtead of my Couſin *Lucia.*

Joll. Stranger and ſtranger! What, and he not know't?

Aur.

Aur. No, nor the Parſon, Sir, himſelf.

Joll. Hey day!

Aur. 'Twas done in the Dark, Sir, and I veil'd like my Couſin; 'twas a very clandeſtine Marriage, I confeſs, but there are ſufficient Proofs of it; and for one, here's half the Piece of Gold he broke with me, which he'll know when he ſees.

Pun. O rare, by *Hymen* I'm glad o' the Change; 'tis a pretty Sorcereſs, by my troth; *Wit to Wit*, quoth the Devil to the Lawyer; I'll out among 'em preſently, 't has ſaved me a beating too, which perhaps is all her Portion.

Joll. You turn my Head, you dizzy me; but wou'dſt thou marry him without either knowing my Mind, or ſo much as his?

Aur. His, Sir? He gave me five hundred Pieces of Gold to make the Match; look, they are here ſtill, Sir.

Joll. Thou haſt loſt thy Senſes, Wench, and wilt make me do ſo too.

Aur. Briefly the Truth is this, Sir; he gave me theſe five hundred Pieces to marry him by a Trick to my Couſin *Lucia*, and by another Trick I took the Money and marry'd him my ſelf; the Manner, Sir, you ſhall know anon at leiſure, only your Pardon, Sir, for the Omiſſion of my Duty to you, I beg upon my Knees.

Joll. Nay, Wench, there's no hurt done; fifteen hundred Pounds a Year is no ill Match for the Daughter of a ſequeſter'd Cavalier——

Aur. I thought ſo, Sir.

Joll. If we could but cure him of ſome ſottiſh Affections, but that muſt be thy Taſk.

Aur. My Life on't, Sir.

Pun. I'll out; Uncle Father your Bleſſing——my little *Matchiavil*, I knew well enough 'twas you; what did you think I knew not Croſs from Pile?

Aur. Did you i'faith?

Pun. Ay, by this Kiſs of Amber-greaſe, or I'm a Cabbage.

Aur. Why then, you outwitted me, and I'm content.

Pun. A Pox upon you Merchant *Jolly*, are you there?

Joll. But ſtay, how came you, Neice, to be marry'd to Mr. *Truman*?

Luc.

Luc. I know not, Sir, as I was walking in the Garden——

Trum. jun. I thought't had been——but bleſs'd be the Miſtake,
Whatever prove the Conſequence to all
The leſs important Fortunes of my Life.

Joll. Nay, there's no hurt done here neither——

Trum. ſen. No hurt, Colonel? I'll ſee him hang'd at my Door before he ſha'l have a beggarly——

Joll. Hark you, Mr. *Truman*, [*Talk aſide.* one Word aſide (for it is not neceſſary yet my Wife ſhould know ſo much.)

Aur. This fooliſh *Jane* (as I perceive by the Story) has loſt a Huſband by ſtaying for a black Patch.

Joll. Tho' I in Rigour by my Brother's Will might claim the Forfeiture of her Eſtate, yet I aſſure you ſhe ſhall have it all to the utmoſt Farthing; in a Day like this, when Heaven beſtows on me, and on my Daughter, ſo unexpected, and ſo fair a Fortune, it were an ill Return to rob an Orphan committed to my Charge.

Aur. My Father's in the Right.
And as he clears her Fortune, ſo will I her Honour.
Hark you, Sir.

Trum. ſen. Why you ſpeak, Sir, like a virtuous, noble Gentleman, and do juſt as I ſhould do my ſelf in the ſame Caſe; it is——

Aur. [*To* Trum. *jun.*] 'Twas I, upon my Credit, in a Veil; I'll tell, if you pleaſe, all that you ſaid, when you had read the Letter. But d' you hear, Mr. *Truman*, do not you believe now, that I had a Deſign to lye with you, if you had conſented to my coming at Midnight, for upon my Faith I had not, but did it purely to try upon what Terms your two Romantick Loves ſtood.

Cut. Ha, ha, ha! But your Farce was not right methinks at the End.

Pun. Why, how, pray?

Cut. Why there ſhould ha' been a Beating, a luſty Cudgeling to make it come off ſmartly, with a Twang at the Tail.

Wor. Say you ſo? H'as got a Set of damnable brawny Serving-men.

Cut.

Cut. At leaſt *John Pudding* here ſhould ha' been baſted.

Wor. A Curſe upon him, he ſav'd himſelf like a Rat behind the Hangings.

Trum. jun. O *Lucia*, how ſhall I beg thy Pardon
For my unjuſt Suſpicions of thy Virtue?
Can you forgive a very Repentant Sinner?
Will a whole Life of Penitence abſolve me?

Trum. ſen. 'Tis enough, good noble Colonel, I'm ſatisfy'd: Come, *Dick*, I ſee 'twas Heaven's Will, and ſhe's a very worthy virtuous Gentlewoman; I'm old and teſty, but 'tis quickly over; my Bleſſing upon you both.

Cut. Why ſo, all's well of all Sides then; let me ſee, here's a brave Coupling-Day, only poor *Worm* muſt lead a Monkiſh Life on't.

Aur. I'll have a Wife for him too, if you will, fine Mrs. *Jane* within; I'll undertake for her, I ha' ſet her agog to Day for a Huſband. [*Aſide.* the firſt Comer has her ſure.

Wor. Ay, but what Portion has ſhe, Mrs. *Puny*? For we Captains o' the King's Side ha' no need o' Wives with nothing.

Aur. Why Lozenges, and Half-Moons, and a Pair of Silver-lac'd Shoes; but that Trope's loſt to you; well, we'll ſee among us what may be done for her.

Joll. Come, let's go in to Supper; there never was ſuch a Day of Intrigues as this in one Family. If my true Brother had come in at laſt too, after his being five Years dead, 'twould ha' been a very Play.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *CUTTER.*

METHINKS a Vision bids me Silence break,
[Without his Peruke.
And some Words to this Congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the Fifth Monarch's *Court in* Coleman-Street.
But yet I wonder much, not to espy a
Brother in all this Court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! Where are we? What may this Place be?
For I begin by Vision now to see
That this is a meer Theatre; well then,
If't be e'en so, I'll Cutter *be again.*
[Puts on his Peruke.
Not Cutter *the pretended* Cavalier,
For to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that Party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very Rake-hell of this Town.
But now my Follies and my Faults are ended,
My Fortune, and my Mind, are both amended,
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our Author says He'll mend, that is, He'll write no more.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

AT

COURT.

THE Madneſs of your People, and the Rage,
You've ſeen too long upon the Publick Stage;
'Tis time at laſt (Great Sir) 'tis time to ſee
Their Tragick Follies brought to Comedy.
If any blame the Lowneſs of our Scene,
We humbly think ſome Perſons there have been
On the World's Theatre not long ago,
Much more too High, than here they are too Low.
And well we know, that Comedy of old,
Did her Plebeian Rank with ſo much Honour hold,
That it appear'd not then too Baſe, or Light,
For the great Scipio's *conqu'ring Hand to write.*
Howe'er, if ſuch mean Perſons ſeem too rude,
When into Royal Preſence they intrude,
Yet we ſhall hope a Pardon to receive
From you, a Prince ſo practis'd to forgive;
A Prince, who with th' Applauſe of Earth and Heaven,
The Rudeneſs of the Vulgar has forgiven.

FINIS.